

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

SECRET WAS HIS OWN.

EMPLOYERS NOT ENTITLED TO PRIVATE FORMULAS.

Dun & Co. Discuss the Wheat Market—Great Britain's Sordid View of an Iniquitous Business—Langley's Machine Files—Earthquake in Tripura.

Awarded Heavy Damages.

At Philadelphia, the jury in the case of John W. Dempsey against John and James Dobson, as proprietors of the Falls of Schuylkill Carpet Mills, rendered a verdict awarding the plaintiff \$10,000 damages. Mr. Dempsey sought to recover damages for the loss of certain secret color formulas. He was a color mixer at the defendant's mill for about twenty years, and claimed that he had about 9,000 formulas for mixing dyes, all of which were his personal property. When Mr. Dempsey was about to leave the defendants' employ the defendants took possession of the books, and the formulas were copied against his protest. Dobson claimed that as they paid him a salary they were entitled to the use of all of his knowledge. The court decided otherwise.

DANGER IN THE RICE.

Price of Wheat May Prove a Calamity to Business.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: "If wheat has been so greatly injured by the snows and frosts in May that the sudden rise of 12 cents in two weeks is justified, the calamity will affect all business prospects. The markets do not believe it, for wheat is not a staple, iron, leather and hides still rise, and no holders of wheat would sell at 80 cents, a lower price than had been known at this season for thirty years prior to 1858, if current reports were credited. Some injury has undoubtedly been sustained, but our own dispatches do not show that it is really serious. The market is to buy, regardless of visible requirements, in the faith that prices are sure to rise. Western receipts of wheat for three weeks have been larger than last year in spite of storms and frosts. But the rise has practically stopped buying for export, as the summer rise did in April, 1884, which was followed by about the lowest prices then ever known. Whether grain has been greatly injured or not, foreign markets will take early occasion to fortify themselves from other sources. The week's sales at New York amounted to 150,000, 000 bushels, and accounts of damage by frost and by insects are so mixed up that some traders infer the bugs must wear overcoats."

ADVOCATES OPIUM TRADE.

English Government Favors It for Business Reasons.

In the House of Commons, Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease, liberal member for the Barnard district of Durham, made a motion attacking the report of the opium commission and the opium trade generally, and demanding that the Indian Government suppress it. Henry Fowler, secretary of state for India, strongly opposed the motion. The suppression of the opium trade, he said, would deprive 1,250,000 poor peasant growers of their entire livelihood and create a great deficit in the Indian revenues. The motion was defeated by a vote of 176 to 59.

FLYING MACHINE A SUCCESS.

Langley's Invention Travels a Thousand Feet in a Recent Test.

A Washington letter says: The Langley flying machine flew a distance of 1,000 feet at a test down the Potomac a few days ago. This machine is now proposed by the War Department to be placed under the wings and moves independently of any control from the float from which the flights are made. It is now believed that the machine will fly a great distance. Prof. Langley has already spent more than \$50,000 in experimental work, and he believes that before long he will be able to build a practical machine.

KILLED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

Many Inhabitants of an Ancient Town Lost Their Lives.

Word has reached Constantinople of a disaster from an earthquake in the town of Paranythia, in the province of Epirus, which is a part of Albania. Paranythia is a small town of about 3,000 inhabitants. The town is divided into the upper and lower towns and has an old castle, and the remains of a Greek bishop's see. Nearly all the houses in the town have been destroyed and fifty persons were killed and 150 injured by the earthquake.

Is a Notorious Swindler.

S. H. Taggart, of Johnson County, Mo., farmer who was swindled out of \$8,500 by two men who pretended to purchase his farm, has identified the two men arrested for the crime. A detective has identified the chief swindler as J. H. Hamilton, a notorious confidence man, known in every American city. His companion has not been identified, but is thought to be a Chicago man.

New Chicago Rebels.

Taipei, Formosa dispatch: Formosa has declared its independence. The population will fight the Japanese and will not submit to the orders of the Imperial Chinese Government. Formosa is the island in the China Sea ceded to Japan as a part of the recent treaty of peace signed by the Chinese. The population is estimated at between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000.

To Run for Senator.

It is reported on what is apparently good authority that Secretary Carlisle is determined to make a hot fight for the Senate. His intention, a Washington dispatch says, is due to an expressed wish of the President.

Are Made Knights.

Henry Irving, the actor; Lewis Morris, the poet; Howard Russell, the correspondent; and Henry, the novelist, were made barons by Queen Victoria upon her 70th birthday.

Murder or Suicide.

The bodies of both the Chambers girls, drowned in the Missouri river at Bartlett, Iowa, ten days ago, have been found. The body of Charlotte, aged 17, was caught by Dan Ellis, a fisherman, in his net, and the body of the 10-year-old girl was found about thirty miles south.

Bank Is Robbed of \$1,800.

A special from Hotchkiss, Kan., says: "Burglars blew open the vault of the State bank at Onida, Kan., securing about \$1,800. The explosion was heard by people living near, but no attention was paid to it until the cashier opened the vault for business."

WILL HAVE WAR VESSELS.

An Automatic Appliance for Quick Closing of Bulkheads.

Ever since the Victoria disaster, one of the most terrible fatalities in naval history, American naval officers have been giving much attention to the subject of bulkhead doors. It is now conceded that the unfortunate British battleship filled and capsized by reason of failure to secure a speedy closure of the doors which are intended to prevent the water from entering the compartments that may be crushed in from sinking the ship. Admiral Ramsey, chief of the United States Navigation Bureau, caused experiments to be made to ascertain whether it is not possible to effect the closure at a moment's notice. The first result has been the invention by Engineer-in-Chief McVie of a model of a seemingly perfect device to accomplish this end, and it is probable that this will be practically tested by application on a large scale to one of our new vessels. The device is a lever actuated by electricity or by electricity and the officer of the deck or the man in the conning-tower of a vessel, when he sees that his ship is in danger of being rammed by an opponent or of being in collision with an object, may simply pull a lever and the doors will be closed by a system of cables and the ringing of a bell for a specified number of seconds of his intention, so that the men below may escape to the deck, or at least get from under the heavy doors, and then close every door.

REVENUE TAX ON MINES.

Mexico About to Adopt a Plan Which Would Reach Washington That Mexico Is About to Adopt a New Plan for Raising Revenue by Taxing All Silver and Gold Mines, in Which American Capitalists are Heavily Interested.

Word reaches Washington that Mexico is about to adopt a new plan for raising revenue by taxing all silver and gold mines, in which American capitalists are heavily interested. The proposed tax is estimated in the budget to yield \$2,750,000. It is a 2 per cent tax on the value of the gold and silver produced, and is in addition to the charge for mining concessions or zones granted by the Government. Another prospective plan, which is being discussed, is to tax the value of the silver and gold produced, and is in addition to the charge for mining concessions or zones granted by the Government. Another prospective plan, which is being discussed, is to tax the value of the silver and gold produced, and is in addition to the charge for mining concessions or zones granted by the Government.

EARNINGS INCREASE.

Encouraging Statement of the Pennsylvania Company's Lines.

The statement of the business of all lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company east of Pittsburgh and Erie, for April, 1895, as compared with the same month in 1894, shows an increase in gross earnings of \$41,456.07, increase in expenses of \$27,871.49, increase in net earnings of \$13,584.58. The four months of 1895, as compared with the same period of 1894, show an increase in gross earnings of \$1,598,380.70, an increase in expenses of \$1,227,800.32, and an increase in net earnings of \$370,580.38. All lines west of Pittsburgh and Erie, for April, 1895, as compared with the same month in 1894, show an increase in gross earnings of \$228,084.98, increase in expenses of \$255,815.40. The four months of 1895, as compared with the same period of 1894, show an increase in gross earnings of \$811,053.43, increase in expenses of \$478,925.43, increase in earnings of \$332,128.

LUKE FOR MANY THOUSANDS.

Mexican National Railway Company Is Defendant in Big Suit.

The suit of Joseph A. Daniels as assignee of the Mexican National Construction Company against the Mexican National Railway Company, for the recovery of \$197,211.04, with interest since 1885, is up for adjudication and appeal in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, before Justice Pitney. The litigation dates back twenty-five years, when the Mexican Government conceded certain grants for building a railway connecting the Southern republic with the United States.

Race for the Pennant.

Following is the standing of the clubs of the National Baseball League.

Clubs.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Pittsburgh	27	19	8	.704
Chicago	27	18	9	.667
Cleveland	26	18	8	.692
Cincinnati	27	17	10	.630
Philadelphia	24	13	11	.542
Boston	23	12	11	.522
Baltimore	20	10	10	.500
New York	24	12	12	.500
St. Louis	28	10	18	.357
Brooklyn	24	8	16	.333
Washington	24	8	16	.333
Louisville	24	5	19	.217

WESTERN LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the clubs of the Western League:

Clubs.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Indianapolis	27	15	12	.556
Minneapolis	12	6	6	.500
Grand Rapids	20	11	9	.550
Detroit	19	9	10	.474
Kansas City	20	9	11	.450
Toledo	21	9	12	.429
Milwaukee	20	8	12	.400
St. Paul	18	6	12	.333

Pachyderm vs. Reptile.

Jess, the big female elephant belonging to Bella & Renfro's circus, was slumbering quietly on the ground in the morning when a frog, mistaking the nozzle of her trunk for a hole in the ground, jumped into it. The keepers were eating at the time and the managerite was entirely deserted. A great crash was heard and the elephant was just in time to see Jess go through the side of the tent and amble off toward the business center of the city. The big brute had broken her chain apparently, and amused herself by tossing the cages about before leaving. Fifteen mounted men were sent in pursuit of the elephant. Jess went straight down town and astonished the few pedestrians on the street by promenadeing and down Main street, occasionally striking the curb with her trunk and uttering cries of distress. Mr. Sells was with the men, and the elephant was discovered because of her discomfort. By compressing her trunk the frog was forced down and finally blown out by the elephant. She then became docile and was taken back to the tent.

Fruits of Jealousy.

Jealousy was the cause of a murder and suicide Thursday evening at the Nyack flats, 6414-6416 Ella avenue, Chicago. Mrs. Anna Annabel, wife of the janitor of the building, shot and killed her husband and then ended her own life with a bullet. The tragedy was enacted while the wife was preparing supper at the kitchen of the apartments occupied by the Annabells. The only witness was a 13-year-old daughter of the couple.

Jail Burned by Lynchers.

A dispatch from Hotchkiss, Kan., says that the jail was fired by a band of lynchers at night and that a negro perished in the flames.

MORTON DOESN'T LIKE IT.

Objects to Having His Meat-Inspection Methods Criticized.

Secretary of Agriculture Morton and Dr. Salmon, chief of the bureau of animal industry, are very much incensed over the attack made upon the effectiveness of the meat inspection service. The inspection provided for under the act was to meet the demands of foreign governments to which our meat was exported, but the authority given the Secretary was insufficient and Mr. Morton insisted that Congress to cure the defects. While the inspection separated the healthy from the diseased meat and prevented the exportation of the latter, the Secretary was not clothed with the power to compel the destruction of condemned meat, and this could be sold in the domestic markets. If the Legislature of the States had taken steps to co-operate with the department by providing for the destruction of carcasses condemned by Federal inspectors the inspection would have been rendered effective. That this was not done, and the Secretary was forced to resign, is a disgrace. December Congress passed a modified form of an amendment proposed by the Secretary to punish persons selling this condemned meat for food. The amendment does not go into effect until July 1. Meanwhile, however, the department objects strenuously to the action taken out that the inspection as at present conducted in no wise protects the domestic consumers. The Secretary, without the definite authority of law, insists that he has accomplished much with reference to trichinae in pork.

MAD RUSH FOR LAND.

Scramble of 20,000 People for 437 Kickapoo Claims.

At and before noon Thursday 20,000 eager, prosaically men and women, rushed from Oklahoma City, Ok., pell-mell into the little triangular reservation of the last remnant of the once powerful Kickapoo Indian tribe, and jostled, scrambled and fought for the 437 claims that were opened to settlement by President Cleveland's proclamation. At night the majority of the Kickapoo were homeless and without shelter, roaming about over the land which for a quarter of a century has been their kingdom and in which no pale face had been permitted to gain a foothold. The majority of the bark houses built by the Indians are located in the upper part of the reservation, and the bottom lands which were allotted to them by the agents of the Government. Now they shelter the white man, who has taken possession of the upland as his own.

SCHOOL CHILDREN ENRAGED.

Charged by False Promises They Wrecked a Hall.

Eight hundred New York city school children, enraged over being swindled out of 5 cents apiece, tore the interior decorations of the new Henry Hall to pieces and then ripped down the stage in the hall, smashed every window in the place, broke chairs and did other damage, amounting in all to about \$800. Flattering circulars had been distributed announcing a grand "joke entertainment" and promising every child 5 cents and a present free. Instead of the elaborate presents mentioned, each child, as he or she entered the hall, received a brass ring of the sort that comes in penny chewing gum packages, and the youngsters were angry. A number of arrests were made as a result of the disturbance.

One League Goes to Pieces.

The Western Interstate League has gone to pieces. The Aurora team was disbanded Wednesday night. The players say the league was a failure from the beginning of the season. Fort Wayne was scheduled to play in Aurora, but failed to show up. Bloomington and Terre Haute talk of getting up another league, with several Indiana cities in it. There is also talk of taking in one or two of the Western cities and making what are said to be ready to drop out of that league.

Died for the Cuban Cause.

A dispatch from Havana, Cuba, Tuesday, apparently authentic, says the insurgents suffered their worst defeat that day, and that Jose Marti, president of the revolutionary party, was slain. The plans of the insurgents were betrayed to the Spanish guards, and a surprise and rout followed.

Loss Due to Weeds.

The direct loss in crops, the damage to machinery and stock and the decrease in the value of lands due to weeds in this country amounts to tens of millions of dollars a year, according to the estimate of Robert E. Y. Coville, of the Agricultural Department.

Hayward to Hang June 21.

Gov. Clough, of Minnesota, has signed the death warrant for Harry Hayward, convicted of inciting and aiding in the murder of Catherine Ling. The Governor sets the execution for June 21.

Town Destroyed by Fire.

A Wellsville, N. Y., dispatch says that the town of Angelica, N. Y., was totally destroyed by fire. Angelica is the county seat of Allegany County, and has a population of about 1,000.

Six of the Crew Drowned.

The Norwegian bark Ceylon, Captain Olsen, has been wrecked near Dover, England. Six of the crew were drowned.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Chicago—Cattle, common to prime, \$3.75 to \$6.25; hogs, shipping grades, \$3.00 to \$5.25; sheep, fair to choice, \$2.50 to \$5.00; wheat, No. 2 red, 70c to 77c; corn, No. 2, 58c to 54c; oats, No. 2, 28c to 30c; rye, No. 2, 54c to 67c; butter, choice, 15c to 18c; eggs, fresh, 15c to 16c; pork, per lb., common to fine, 4c to 7c. Indianapolis—Cattle, shipping, \$3.00 to \$6.00; hogs, choice light, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, common to prime, \$2.00 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 2, 62c to 68c; corn, No. 1, 47c to 52c; oats, No. 2 white, 33c to 33 1/2c. St. Louis—Cattle, \$3.00 to \$6.00; hogs, \$4.00 to \$4.75; wheat, No. 2 red, 70c to 80c; corn, No. 2, 52c to 53c; rye, No. 2, 67c to 69c. Cincinnati—Cattle, \$3.50 to \$5.75; hogs, \$3.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$2.50 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 2, 70c to 81c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 54c to 55c; oats, No. 2 mixed, 31c to 33c; rye, No. 2, 71c to 73c. Detroit—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$6.00; hogs, \$4.00 to \$4.75; sheep, \$2.00 to \$4.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 70c to 81c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 53c to 55c; oats, No. 2 white, 34c to 35c; rye, 69c to 71c. Toledo—Wheat, No. 2 red, 70c to 81c; corn, No. 2 mixed, 53c to 55c; oats, No. 2 white, 32c to 34c; rye, No. 2, 67c to 68c. Buffalo—Cattle, \$2.50 to \$6.50; hogs, \$3.00 to \$5.00; sheep, \$2.00 to \$5.25; wheat, No. 1 hard, 85c to 86c; corn, No. 2 yellow, 55c to 60c; oats, No. 2 white, 35c to 37c. Milwaukee—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 76c to 78c; corn, No. 3, 50c to 55c; oats, No. 2 white, 33c to 34c; barley, No. 2, 40c to 52c; rye, No. 1, 67c to 68c; pork, mess, \$12.50 to \$13.00. New York—Cattle, \$3.00 to \$6.50; hogs, \$4.00 to \$5.25; sheep, \$2.00 to \$5.50; wheat, No. 2 red, 80c to 91c; corn, No. 2, 45c to 60c; rye, No. 2 white, 30c to 35c; butter, creamery, 12c to 15c; eggs, Western, 13c to 15c.

MICHIGAN MATTERS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONCISELY CONDENSED.

University Short of Cash—Remarkable Activity of a Woman 110 Years Old—Railroad Earnings for February—Twenty Years' Weather Record.

Ann Arbor Cuts Expenses. The Regents, in consequence of the Legislature's refusal to grant the Ann Arbor University financial aid, are refusing requests from the various professors for appropriations and are otherwise trimming expenses. Regent Dean made a motion to dismiss Doctor McMurry by combining the chairs of surgery and anatomy. The Secretary was finally sent. A year course in pharmacy was established and numerous appointments for next year made.

May Frosts.

Thos. Berry, of Detroit, has furnished the following data on frosts that have occurred in May for twenty years—1875 to 1885: 1875—3d (snow), 4th, 7th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 23d, 26th. 1876—4th, 5th, 6th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24d, 25d, 26d, 27d, 28d, 29d, 30th. 1877—No frost. 1878—1st, 2d, 3d, 4d, 5d, 6d, 7d, 8d, 9d, 10d, 11d, 12d, 13d, 14d, 15d, 16d, 17d, 18d, 19d, 20d, 21d, 22d, 23d, 24d, 25d, 26d, 27d, 28d, 29d, 30th. 1879—No frost. 1880—No frost. 1881—1st, 2d, 3d, 4d, 5d, 6d, 7d, 8d, 9d, 10d, 11d, 12d, 13d, 14d, 15d, 16d, 17d, 18d, 19d, 20d, 21d, 22d, 23d, 24d, 25d, 26d, 27d, 28d, 29d, 30th. 1882—No frost. 1883—No frost. 1884—No frost. 1885—No frost.

Wants \$20,000.

At St. Joseph, Mrs. Sophia Peterson, mother of C. J. Peterson, a lieutenant on the Chicago police force, began suit in the Circuit Court against Mrs. Elizabeth VanDerveer, of Chicago, for \$20,000 damages for alleged slander. On May 10, 1895, while Mrs. Peterson was employed by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Peterson was told by Mrs. VanDerveer that she was a thief and a liar, and that she was a disgrace to her family. Mrs. Peterson was so affected by these words that she was unable to work for some time. She now seeks damages for the loss of her health and for the expenses of her suit.

Michigan Railroads.

The earnings statement of Michigan Railroads for the month of February, issued by Railroad Commissioner Billings, shows the total earnings for the month to have been \$2,068,402.75, as against \$2,036,473.10 for the corresponding month in 1894, an increase of \$31,929.65. The total earnings for January and February this year are \$38,003.49, as against \$37,000.00 for the same period last year. Commissioner Billings estimates that the total taxes to be paid by Michigan railroad companies in July, which are based on last year's earnings, will amount to \$322,837, or \$180,000 less than was paid last year on the earnings for that month.

Mrs. Carl Was Born in 1785.

Mrs. Adam Carl, of Richmond, Va., was born in 1785, and has kept close track of all the events that have happened during her long life. Her dark brown hair is as glossy and smooth as it was a half century ago, and her faculties are unimpaired. She lives in a neat cottage with her husband and does all the household work for the pair. Not only this, but every Sunday she walks a mile and a half to church, and is in remarkably good health. Her present husband is her third matrimonial venture, and she rejoices in the fact that she is still a widow. She has no doubt of her own age, as she has documentary evidence to prove it.

Short State Items.

Denny McGarvey, of Neehan, aged 22, fell into the Soo river and was drowned. The Chicago and Grand Trunk pay car leaves about \$40,000 at Battle Creek every month.

About 150,000 Feet of Lumber Belonging to the Government at Port Huron Burned.

The Chicago and Grand Trunk pay car leaves about \$40,000 at Battle Creek every month.

A Number of Fine New Residences are Being Erected at Inlay City this Season, and many homes are having modern improvements added to them.

Snow fell three feet deep at Empire, upon peninsula, blocking roads and delaying all mails for thirty-six hours. A heavy frost destroyed fruit.

Saginaw has an hearse story. A man came to town, claiming that somebody had died in Germany, leaving \$1,000,000 to him, Mary and his son.

Phineas Stewart, the Fleming, Livingston County, youth of 103 summers, who recently won a law suit and floored the lawyers with his clever replies, walks all over his 300-acre farm. He used tobacco and liquor till he was 90 years old, then stopped drinking entirely, declaring he would die a sober man. He has had five wives, and says he would marry a sixth if he found the right one. Recently he challenged a neighbor, 69 years old, to wrestle, but the challenge was declined. Phineas expects to live to be 125.

George Jarn, of Inlay City, was killed in a sawmill north of Saginaw, and the remains were sent to Inlay City for burial Tuesday.

A cathook he was using to handle logs broke and threw him against a wheel, causing fatal injuries.

The commissioner of insurance is empowered to issue, on payment of a fee of \$10,000, licenses to insure Michigan property to companies not authorized to do so.

Over \$5,000 of the necessary \$15,000 has been raised for the co-ed gymnasium at Ann Arbor, and it was decided to lay the cornerstone during commencement week. Plans were laid for the \$55,000 building which will be erected. A general new policy in regard to women in the university was discussed in executive session, but what it is was not divulged.

Charles S. Dayton, president of the City National Bank of Kalamazoo, is dead. He was born in Watertown, Conn., in 1832.

The ladies of Cadillac who ride bicycles—and there are lots of them for a town of Cadillac's size—are taking to wearing bloomers.

Joel D. Stinson, one of the oldest inhabitants of Ann Arbor, died Thursday morning, at the age of 73 years. He was the father of ten living children.

A kitchen ladies' society compiled a cook book, and a smart druggist inserted an advertisement of pure pepsin and bicarb. He's on the blacklist now.

Saginaw authorities have found that the late Henry Kiddle, whom the county supported for a number of years, left an estate valued at several thousand dollars.

The nephews and nieces of Mrs. Emily House, who recently died in Kalamazoo, leaving \$70,000 to charitable institutions, have objected to the probate of her will.

Three Muskegon fishermen occupied the pier at the entrance to the harbor for one day and landed 350 fine lake perch, some of which weighed one and one-half pounds each.

Consumption is carrying off the Indians of Bay City. Thirty years ago there were from 400 to 500 in Saginaw and Pigeonburg, now less than one-third of that number.

At Port Huron, Ed. Harter, aged 22, while Dr. H. H. Cote was performing an operation on his jaw, died under the influence of chloroform. Harter leaves an estate of from \$7,000 to \$10,000.

There is no trace of hard times in Kalamazoo, so far as the manufacturing industries are concerned. Nearly all are working full force, while some are making the machinery hum night and day.

Farmers between the Soo and Detroit have been cutting off pieces of the telephone line service as clothes lines, fences and lighting, and the farmers, when encountered with, blandly remarked that wire made a much better clothes line than rope.

Saginaw valley is infested by a villainous gang of tramps, and the Saginaw police are busy routing them out of box cars. Saturday night the police had a battle with five, capturing two after an exchange of shots. Sunday afternoon they captured two more, Frank Miller and Charles Evans, and found a revolver and stick of dynamite in their possession. It is believed the men burglarized several stores in Bay City Friday night by blowing open three safes. All were sent to the county jail on long sentences, and while incarcerated the police expect to secure evidence against them.

None of the indictments against Bay County officials have been made public as yet, but several of those alleged to be short in their accounts have made good the deficiencies. Ex-County Treasurer Pryles claims that he has no actual shortage, but that the apparent discrepancy is due to the fact that the grand jury assumed that every liquor dealer who filed a bond took out a license, which was far from being the case. The auditing committee of the County Supervisors have made annual settlements with him during his four years in office, checked over his books carefully, and never found any shortage.

Fred Goff, a farmer living near Utica, and a mad dog had a desperate fight. The dog was in the road when Goff drove up. He dismounted from his wagon seat when the pig refused to get out of the road and struck at the animal with his horse-whip. At the first blow the bear charged on him, and Goff, not expecting anything of the kind, was ill-prepared for the assault. He tried to run, but the bear knocked him down and attacked him with his teeth, nearly tearing the calf from his leg. Goff stuck at the bear with the butt of his whip, but was unable to drive the brute away until some laborers in a nearby field heard his cries and rushed to his assistance. Before they arrived the hog had bitten Goff's arm, and he was lying on his back, and the bear was tearing at his leg. The bear was taken to his home, but the doctors say he cannot possibly recover.

The thirty-ninth annual convulse at Saginaw of Michigan Knights Templar selected Grand Rapids as the next place of meeting. The officers elected were: Grand commander, William E. Jewett, Adrian; deputy grand commander, Edward P. Wheeler, Albion; grand secretary, Albert S. Jackson, Grand Rapids; grand treasurer, the Rev. F. A. Blades, Detroit; grand prelate, F. M. Moore, Marquette; grand senior warden, R. B. McKnight, Saginaw; grand junior warden, John A. Gerow, Detroit; grand recorder, Eugene P. Robinson, Albion; grand standard bearer, P. T. and J. L. Detroit; grand sword bearer, C. R. Hawley, Bay City; grand vander, James Findlater, Detroit; grand sentinel, Alexander McGreggor, Detroit.

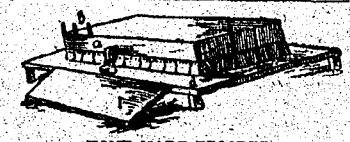
At the Port Huron meeting, K. O. T. M.

TIMELY FARM TOPICS.

MANAGEMENT OF THE FARM, GARDEN AND STABLE.

Instructions for Making a Good Brooder—Work Done by the Honey Bee—How to Test a Cow—Dressing of Salt for Potatoes.

To Make a Brooder.
Make a box 4x3½ feet and 6 inches high, cover top with boards and bottom with zinc, making a box like the heater of an incubator. Take a piece of old cloth, some heavy material, and cut strips 4 inches wide and long enough to reach all around the 3x4 box or 14 feet. Tuck this cloth around bottom edge of the box; it will hang down 4 inches below the box. Cut the cloth



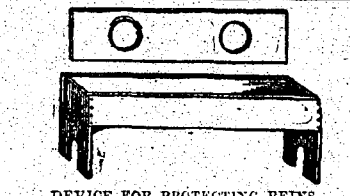
HOME-MADE BROODER.

(Description: a brooder box and lamp; b, pipes as in incubator; c, brooder table; d, board running up to brooder.)
The box will then be surrounded with pieces of cloth 4 inches square. Put a block 4 inches square under each corner of this box and the chicks will get in under easily by pushing between the 4-inch strips of cloth. Fix one tin pipe to heat the brooder, and one lamp will keep the brooder warm. Place a ¾-inch escape pipe in each corner of the brooder to draw heat over the surface of the zinc evenly. As a lamp cannot be connected in the pipe if the brooder is on the floor, make a table a little larger than the brooder with legs 6 or 8 inches high. A board from the brooder to the floor will soon be used by the chicks. Do not set boards around the brooder to keep the chicks in, for they will crowd up in the corners and kill many. As the chicks grow put higher blocks under the brooder so they can get under but not high enough so they can get on top of each other.—Farm and Home.

The Work of Bees.
A writer in the Revue des Sciences des Naturelles makes the following calculations in regard to the work done by the honey bee: When the weather is fine a worker can visit from forty to eighty flowers in six or ten trips, and collect a grain of nectar. If it visits 200 or 400 flowers, it will gather five grains. Under favorable circumstances it will take a fortnight to obtain fifteen grains. It would therefore take it several years to manufacture a pound of honey, which will fill about 3,000 cells. A hive contains from 20,000 to 50,000 bees, half of which prepare the honey, the other half attending to the wants of the hive and the family. On a fine day 16,000 to 20,000 individuals will, in six or ten trips, be able to explore from 300,000 to 1,000,000 flowers, say several hundred thousand plants. Again, the locality must be favorable for the preparation of the honey, and the plants that produce the most nectar must flourish near the hive. A hive inhabited by 30,000 bees may, therefore, under favorable conditions, receive about two pounds of honey a day.

Prepare for Haying.
Have the mower, the horse rake, tedder and hay fork in order. If the mower needs repairs, have them repaired, done at once. If extra bolts and knife blades are wanting, they can be gotten and put in on a wet day. A few extra bolts should always be kept on hand; also, knife blades and rivets. All such tools should be kept in a dry place, out of the rain and free from moisture. A machine that has rusted by exposure is liable to break when put to a severe test. The clover and grass fields should be free of stumps and stones; if such obstructions are in the fields, mark such places by driving a stout stake three feet in length that can be readily seen by the driver at each obstruction. Another important point is not to lend or hire your mower without you send a trustworthy man with it. A machine will last many years if carefully used on well-prepared fields. If the field is badly prepared and left rough and stony, the machine will be ruined after a few days' cutting over such fields.—Baltimore American.

Keeping the Reins Dry.
Drivers are sometimes annoyed by the plunging and splashing the horses make with their noses when driven to the watering trough, wetting the reins and splashing water over everything in their reach. How this may be prevented is shown in the accompanying illustration from the American Agriculturist. Make a float of any ordi-



DEVICE FOR PROTECTING REINS.

nary board, of just the size and shape to cover the surface of the water in the trough. Into this cut as many holes as you have horses to water at once, of just sufficient size for the horses to drink through. Through these they will drink, and if the reins are loose, or a halter strap is hanging down, they will not become wetted in the least. The water is kept cleaner by the shield, much of the dust and dirt which would otherwise be dropped in the water being caught on the board.

Salt for Potatoes.
A dressing of salt on potatoes is good for them while growing as well as when they are cooked. The school boy wrote in his composition about salt that "it is what makes potatoes taste so bad when you do not put any on." The salt should be sprinkled over the hill after the potatoes come up. The effect of the salt is to make soluble mineral plant food that the crop could not otherwise make use of. The salt has itself no fertilizing properties, but enables this crop, which has to make its growth in a few weeks of hot weather, to get more from the soil than it could if the salt had not been applied.

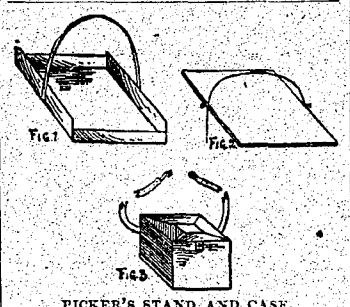
Testing a Cow.
The best test of the cow is to weigh the milk and butter she produces. If a cow is well-bred she will give a good account of herself on the scales, but

no matter what her breeding may be, if she gives a satisfactory yield, keep her. It is much easier to hold on to a good cow than to take the risk of getting one in her place when she becomes dry. Every cow should be tested, and scales should be conveniently placed where the milk can be weighed as soon as it is drawn from the cow.

Hints on Poultry.
Any building you erect for your poultry should, if you keep one hundred head, have a room in the center for storage of grain and such tools and cooking apparatus as is necessary about a well-ordered henhouse. The building should have wings on either side, with a three-foot passageway in the center, throwing pens as five by ten feet on either side, the number of such pens depending upon the size of the building you erect. Hens like green cabbage when it is hung up where they can chip off a bit when so inclined, and in the winter and early spring, when there is little green food growing, nothing is more convenient and beneficial. Onion-tops in springtime are excellent as a blood stimulant and should be fed with soft food. White Plymouth Rocks make an excellent cross with White Wyandottes for general market fowls or eggs.

The Land Is "Sick of Corn."
Sandy loam soil, heavily dressed with manure from milking cows, yielded increasing crops of ensilage corn for seven years, but the yield has fallen off steadily the past three seasons, and the corn is more liable to smut, is the complaint of a Massachusetts dairyman. This land is sick of corn, says the Agriculturist, and needs a change. The smut germs have gone into the manure and back to the soil yearly until the earth is charged with them, and the smut thrives if weather permits. The manure probably supplied as much nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid as a good crop would require, but the soil has evidently got in such a condition that the corn couldn't avail itself freely of this food. Sow to grass or grain, or put in potatoes or vegetables, applying only a good dose of unleached wood ashes, and in '96, or better, in '97, it will probably be as good as ever for corn.

Shipping Small Fruits.
The accompanying cuts represent a picker's stand and case, used on fruit farms. Fig. 1 is a G-quart case and Fig. 2 is cover attachment. Fig. 3 is a square tin box into which a quart box fits. It is fastened about the waist with a strap, and is used only for raspberries and blackberries. Ship only to reliable and trustworthy dealers and commission men. By neglecting proper preparation and careful shipment,



PICKER'S STAND AND CASE.

much small fruit goes on the market in bad condition, bringing low prices and also injury to the reputation of the grower. Observe strict cleanliness. Strawberries especially should be carefully attended to. Mulch with straw or any coarse litter. This keeps the berries from becoming dirty during a shower. When pickers are at work, watch them; allow no bad or dirty fruit to be placed in the boxes. All imperfect specimens must be thrown out. Fill boxes neither too full nor too scant. Leave calyx and stem on strawberries. This gives them a much nicer and cleaner appearance when placed on the market. They also stand a long shipment much better and keep longer. Do not allow them to be pulled off, as much fruit is then smashed. This applies to all small fruits. Never pick raspberries and blackberries with the stems on. Instead of pulling off with berries, roll it off. Never expose small fruits to the sun or wind. If stands are used see that they have a cover for protection.

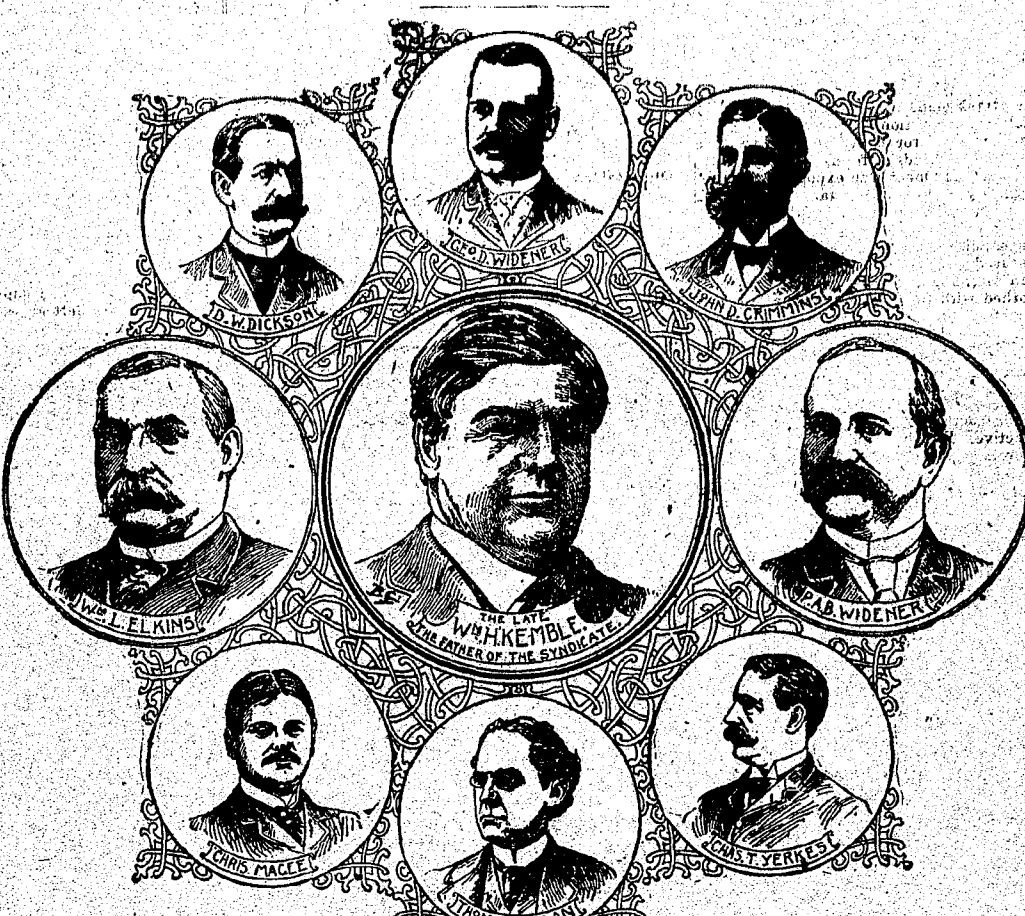
Barn Doors on Rollers.
If well made and hung the barn door fixed to slide on rollers will last longer and give much better satisfaction than if it is swung on hinges. The swinging door is soon liable to sag or to be broken by the violence of the wind. The doors in basement barns both above and below ought to run on rollers. One of the important advantages of the roller door is that no more need ever be opened than is necessary, while the swinging door must either be entirely shut or be liable to have a gust of wind take it, and either break the frame work in pieces or wrench it off from its hinges. The saying of labor in handling the two styles of doors will make the rolling door cheapest in the end, and we are not sure that its first cost is now any greater than is that of the other.

To Fight the Cutworm.
For the cutworm mix with dry wheat bran sufficient Paris green or London purple to color it faintly, and so completely that every part of bran will carry its particle of arsenic. Mix with sweetened water to make a soft mush. Place a teaspoonful on each hill of plants to be protected, the evening of the day the plants are to be set out. Professor Smith, of the New Jersey station, in giving this remedy for the cutworm, says all who have tried his method report it absolutely successful, and claim that they lost no plants after using it.

Getting the Start of Weeds.
The first cultivation given a crop is the most important, for if it is not done thoroughly, and any weeds remain, the hoe may be required to clear them out. A little extra care at first, and doing the work at the right time, will save labor. Weeds can be destroyed when they are young, and the field easily cleaned. One of the most thorough workings will leave but few, if any, to annoy you as the season advances.

Sunflower Seeds Are Good.
Don't fail to plant some sunflowers in the spring, for sunflower seeds are the best single grain for laying hens that can be given them, and it is surprising what a quantity can be given in odd corners.

THESE MEN CONTROL A BILLION.



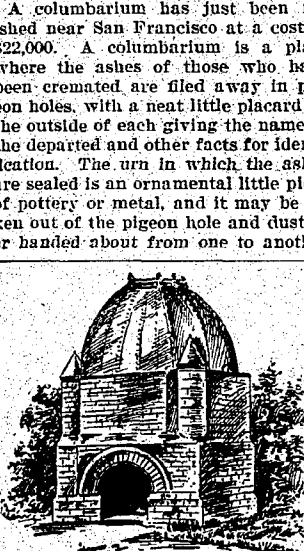
NE billion! One thousand millions! 1,000,000,000! All dollars! Let the reader imagine that he is saving \$1 every day of his life. Then let him take pencil and paper and figure out how long he would have to live to accumulate the sum mentioned in the opening paragraph. He will convince himself while doing this that the figures are so overwhelmingly stupendous as to be almost past comprehension—too large for the mind to grasp at one time. He will find amusement in calculating how much he could have saved from the beginning of creation or the birth of the Christian era, and then comparing his pignym numbers with those used in expressing one billion. Yet there are men who can juggle with a billion as easily as a schoolboy juggles a ten-penny cannon ball. They may not possess a billion dollars outright, perhaps, but they control that gigantic pile of wealth, own the greater part of it, and use and handle it as if it were every penny their own.

Two quiet Quakers and one quick-witted Jerseyman in an unostentatious manner reached out from Philadelphia and intrenched themselves firmly in certain industries in nearly all the big cities of the United States. The unexpected always happens, and it is for this reason that the financial life of the country did not look toward said Philadelphia for the birth of so gigantic a combination and so dazzling a monetary star as the "Kemble-Widener-Elkins" syndicate, now reduced by the death of its parent to the "Widener-Elkins" syndicate. The syndicate is not incorporated as a syndicate, but by membership in various corporations the individuals are able to reach over the whole country and even into England and control the amount of capital specified, if not more. The start was made in street railways and today it controls leading railroads in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Northern New Jersey, Pittsburgh and Chicago.

It controls or has an interest in the gas works of Philadelphia, Chicago, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Atlanta, Ga., and thirty other cities and towns from Maine to Florida. It controls the Westinghouse electric light, the electric storage battery, and a number of important electrical

FOR ASHES OF THE DEAD.

A Columbarium that Will Hold One Thousand Urns.



COLUMBARIUM AT SAN FRANCISCO.

A columbarium has just been finished near San Francisco at a cost of \$22,000. A columbarium is a place where the ashes of those who have been cremated are filed away in pigeon holes, with a neat little placard on the outside of each giving the name of the departed and other facts for identification. The urn in which the ashes are sealed is an ornamental little piece of pottery or metal, and it may be taken out of the pigeon hole and dusted, or handed about from one to another to danger. But the supposedly foolish habit is in reality a wise provision of nature for the safety of the bird in a region where hiding places are scarce. When a brood of young ostriches is warned by their guardian they instantly fade out of sight. Grouse told me that they had surprised broods of more than a score, of which they were able to find no more than three or four, and yet those birds had no shelter for hiding than was afforded by a dozen or so small bushes. Squinting motionless with his head in the sand and the ostrich is so near in color like the sand and the scant herbage that grows there that even experienced hunters fail to see them. They readily learn the habits of their persecutors, and know when and how to seek safety. Here and there is found a ranch owner who will not permit ostrich hunting on his grounds. The birds quickly learn the lay of the land where they are safe and gather in it from surrounding districts in great bands, leaving the hunted grounds bare. And what is more remarkable still, the very birds that will flee for their lives when startled by a man on the hunted grounds will show not the least concern at the approach of a man when they are on safe ground. That they are readily domesticated may be inferred from this. The young will remain about a ranch when they grow up, of course, and so their plumes may be obtained without killing them. But not many are kept so, because the old cocks are often ugly and will attack even men accustomed to feed them.

TRIMMING BRUIN'S CLAWS.

Animal Trainer Hagenbeck's Unusual Operation.

Animal Trainer Hagenbeck remarked to an interviewer the other day: "I expect I am the only man in the world who ever cut the claws of a Polar bear. The bear's nails had grown into his feet, and he was in great pain. We had vainly tried to get hold of the feet



CUTTING THE BEAR'S NAILS.

through the bars of the cage to cut the nails. At last I got him into a narrow cage with an iron barrel front, and turned it so that the animal stood on the bars. I went underneath with a pair of short pliers, and managed to pull the nails out. Then we gave him a footbath to cool the wounds, and in a day or two he was all right."

Not a Foolish Habit.

The ostrich has always been considered a silly custom in wisdom on account of its custom of hiding its head in the sand, leaving the body exposed

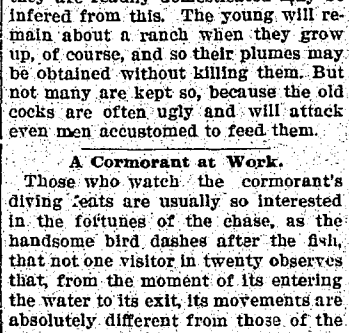
AN ADIRONDACK HERMIT.

Bill Smith, Who Has Lived in Solitude for Forty-five Years.

A curious character is Bill Smith, a hermit, who has lived alone in the wild part of the Adirondacks for the past forty-five years. He sees very few human beings and his only companions are his dogs, which he regards with extreme affection. Smith supports life by hunting and fishing. He has no desire to live in any other way and all efforts to draw him from his solitude have proved vain.

In appearance Smith is most remarkable. He is fully six and a half feet tall and weighs 250 pounds. He is as white as the snow and most luxuriant. His beard reaches to his feet, while his hair falls down on his shoulders. He has neither shaved nor cut his hair for nineteen years.

Smith has taught himself to read and when not engaged in hunting spends his time in poring over the Bible, which he regards with great admiration. Originally Smith was married, and it was his wife's death which caused him to



BILL SMITH'S HOME.

forewear the intercourse of men and live in solitude. He has three children, but they none of them have anything to do with their father. Smith built the log hut in which he dwells. He does all his own cooking and washing, such as it is. The hermit is satisfied with his life and all he wants is to be let alone.

Ruby Mining in Burmah.

A large quantity of the world's supply of rubies comes from the Burmah mines, which have been actively worked since the annexation of Burmah by the British government. The ruby district is about 26 miles long and 12 broad, and lies at elevations varying from 4,000 feet to 5,000 feet above the sea-level. Some of the mines have been worked by the natives from very remote periods; in fact old workings are found over an area of 66 square miles. It is in the lower clay beds of the river alluvia, and in similar deposits formed in gullies in the hill-wash, that the rubies, spinels, and other gems are found. In the alluvia, squares pits from two feet to nine feet across, ingeniously timbered with bamboo, are sunk to the ruby earth, which is drawn up by bamboo baskets. In the hill-wash long open trenches are carried from the sides of a gully. Regular mines are opened in some places; in others the limestone is quarried.

Refreshing His Memory.

The witness, whose first name was Thomas, and who was the son of the plaintiff, testified to a certain important date, and on cross examination, having testified that he refreshed his memory as to the date by a memorandum made at the time, was asked to produce the paper, which he did. The paper was seized by the cross examiner and read aloud. It was as follows: "Tommy, do not forget. It was July 25." The value of Tommy's testimony was destroyed.

Boarding house mistress (at Sunday dinner)—"Mr. Jones, why do you not eat some chicken?" Mr. Jones (who has labored fifteen minutes trying to carve a leg)—"Thanks; I never work on Sunday."—Tammany Times.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lesson Intelligently and Profitably.

Lesson for June 2.
Golden Text—"The Lord is risen indeed."—Luke 24: 34.

Subject—"The Resurrection of Jesus."—Mark 16: 1-8. "He is risen; he is not here; behold the place where they laid him. Amen, we will do it. Just look at the place and then believe it. He is not in the grave. He is risen, risen for our redemption and uplift. Presently, at the right hand of God he will be dispensing the power of his resurrection. Preach it, live it. 'The power of his resurrection'—what is it in the Christian life? It signifies a life hid with Christ in God. If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. There he sits to-day, a conqueror henceforth expecting till his enemies be made his footstool. It is the office of the Holy Spirit to reveal this Christ, a Christ in this aspect, to us. Not the Christ of the pliancy and humiliation, but the Christ of God's right hand, the Christ that liveth and was dead, and behold he is alive forevermore. Only by the Spirit do we apprehend the living Christ. Hence Alford has called the Acts of the Apostles the Gospel of the Risen Jesus, for it was at Pentecost that under the Spirit's guidance, this revelation and dispensation began, and it goes right on 'till he come.'"

The command to be filled with the Spirit is just as authoritative as the command to be baptized. A working church, a church that expects results, can certainly not afford to overlook the injunction, "Know the Spirit of the risen Christ. But how be filled with the Spirit. Some one has said 'empty yourself and the Spirit will come in to fill the vacuum.' Another has answered, 'Rather let in the Spirit for emptying.' We know not how to make self-surrender save by the Holy Spirit's operations. The only way to the 'first fruits of them that sleep.' How fitting was Pentecost for the bestowment of the Spirit and the imagination of the new dispensation! Symbolically it was such the day of ingathering, harvest home day. That was indeed a rich harvest for the church when Jesus, having great boundless power, came to bring forth according to the right hand of God, 'shod forth this which ye now see and hear.' It was the gift of gifts that was there bestowed. Practically it was an acceptable day. The people had come to the sacred city from all parts of the world. They thought it was for things old, but the great household meant to bring forth 40-day things new, and to send Israel forth with the tidings throughout the length and breadth of all lands. And this is what it all meant: 'The Lord is risen indeed!'

Observe the descent of the Spirit. It was upon them all at once. The language seems to imply something of unexpectedness. Thus often to God's blessings find us, only partly prepared. They startle us with their suddenness, and the common remark that God would surprise us if he should all at once answer our prayers is not wholly to our disparagement. His blessing will always be a glad surprise. The gift of the spirit was such. But it was accepted, and its meaning was apprehended. "This Jesus hath God raised up." There was no tarrying or debating. No quivering, what is this? or what shall we do with this? or what will the world think of this? Straightway the disciples yielded themselves to the new dispensation, and began to speak as the Spirit from on high gave them utterance. And all men in Jerusalem and the parts about knew that something marvelous had taken place on earth and something more marvelous in heaven. Christ had taken his seat. "Know ye assuredly," said Peter, "that God hath made that same Jesus whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ."

And that dispensation was to abide. Not the physical outward signs of rushing wind and flaming tongue, but utterance, witness. The abiding power of the Holy Spirit, the power to witness, was the gift of the Spirit of the Holy Spirit. The gift of utterance in his name. The word translated "utterance" here is the verb, to declare a mighty and solemn message. The function for such service is from on high. There is no mistaking it. Peter, Paul and Barnabas were to have it in large measure, with miraculous attending signs. Luther, Wesley, Spurgeon were to have the same with signs suited to their day and generation. Such utterance is always with a nameless something that is the demonstration of the Spirit and of power. There is a general guidance and influence of the spirit of which the church becomes increasingly the heir, but there is, above and beyond all spiritual capacity, a direct and immediate endowment which we may well crave, and which, when men observe it, lends them to say as was said by Peter of old, "This is it, what God will!"

Dr. Alexander MacLaren makes pregnant comment on John xiv, 1-14, when he cries it, "The words of the ascended Lord." Christ is now at the right hand of God. He is there in power. And this is the Christ whom the Holy Ghost takes and reveals to us. Not the Christ of the manger and the tomb. He is told of in the Gospels. Here in the Acts and epistles, and in Christian experience is revealed by the Spirit, the risen and ascended and omnipotent Christ. Trust him! declare him.

Next Lesson—"The Walk to Emmaus."—Luke 24: 13-32.

A Barrel of Flour for a Bear.

A Presque Isle merchant recently carried out a satisfactory transaction on the principle that a bear in the bush is worth a barrel of flour in the hand, although in theory it was contrary to the maxims of Poor Richard and all the other philosophers. A long, lank fellow from the backwoods, whose garb bespoke the healthy and rugged poverty of pioneer life, came into Barker's store and wanted to get a barrel of flour on credit. Being asked what security he could give for the bill, he admitted that he had no real estate, neither a hoof nor head of stock, and no personal collateral of any description, except a wife and a large brood of children, but he added that he had just got on the track of a bear, and if Barker was willing to take the bear as security he would shoulder his gun on next Monday morning and camp right on his track until he got him. It was a trade which the bear squandered up with his skin two weeks later, and Presque Island honesty and sagacity were both vindicated.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Half the Power.

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror, were half the world bestowed on camps and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts."
—Longfellow.

"HORSE MEAT WAR IN PARIS."

Amusing Complications from Using Flesh in Sausages.

An amusing warfare has been carried on in Paris between the Government chemists and the makers of sausages in which horseflesh has been used.

Some time ago the Butchers' Association of Paris strongly advocated a law rendering it compulsory to designate by a label or otherwise all sausages composed of horseflesh or in which horseflesh had been mixed with other meats. The authorities, while perfectly willing to make regulations enforcing this practice, declined to do so on account of the impossibility of punishing offenders. To punish the violators of a law it is necessary to detect the violation and also to show proof of it. In the present state of scientific knowledge it is not possible to satisfactorily determine the difference between flesh of the horse and that of any other animal when they are both chopped fine and mixed together. A chemist finally discovered that if the meat were treated with iodated water a reddish-brown reaction would be apparent if horseflesh were present. The pork butchers rejoiced and prepared to push the wished-for legislation.

The horsemen men had a card up their sleeves, however, and commenced adding a little flour to their sausage meat. When the iodated water was applied contact with the starch of the flour immediately produced a brilliant blue, which effectually masked all traces of any other color. This blue, of course, would point to the likelihood of horsemeat being present, but it could not be sworn to. Supposing the meat to be pure horse, and the flour added, the blue would be the same when the test was applied.

The chemists again went to work and discovered that if the starch was separated by maceration and subsequent filtration, and the residue treated with two or three chemicals, the horsemeat would be detected. So far the victory rests with the chemists, and the law will probably be passed unless the horsemen men make another discovery. In 1892 20,000 horses were slaughtered in Paris, three-fourths of which went into sausages, so that the importance of the industry may be realized.

A MAMMOTH POTATO.

It Was Grown in Colorado and Weighs Eighty-six Pounds.

Here is a copy of a Loveland, Col., photograph, showing Farmer J. B. Swan and his prize potato. The potato



FARMER SWAN AND HIS POTATO.

to is 23 inches long and weighs 86 pounds, 10 ounces. On one acre of land in Larimer County last year Mr. Swan produced 25,816 pounds or 430 bushels and 10 pounds of potatoes.

A BICYCLE BOAT.

The Latest Use to Which the Revolving Pedals Have Been Put.

A bicycle boat on the Lake Bols de Boulogne, in Paris, is attracting much attention. The seat, pedals and steering gear are similar to those of the bicycle, but the motive is applied to turn a screw at the stern of the boat. To the onlooker the man appears to be rid-



THE BICYCLE BOAT.

ing a bicycle in the boat, and the novelty of the spectacle draws public attention. It is said that a speed of five miles an hour may easily be made in calm weather. No doubt we shall soon have the boat in use on all our pleasure lakes, for a novelty of that kind is sure to "take."

The "Sassy" Humanitarian.

"She's the sassiest woman I ever applied to for a bite."

"How did you find that out?"

"Well, she offered me cold tomato soup and stale bread, and I said I thought a little cake would do me good."

"Well?"

"She said if it was a cake of soap she thought it would."

He—"You told me your father was a retired capitalist, and now I find, after marrying you, that he is not worth a cent." She—"I only told you the truth. He was a capitalist once, but after the panic hit him he retired from the capitalist business completely."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Half the people in the world are working the other half for chumps, and doing well.

The Avalanche.

O. PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1895.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Strikes are reported here and there, but they are fewer than the average of this season in recent years. They are not formidable enough to check the business improvement. —Globe Dem.

Mr. Choate speaks correctly when he says of the income tax law that "it has been left too long untried," and the same thing may be said, by the way, of the Democratic party. —Globe Dem.

A total of 1,775 books were drawn from Alpena's school library during April, as follows: History, biography and travel, 155; fiction, 909; science and literature, 115; foreign, 11; juvenile, 665.

The statement that ex-President Harrison "is in splendid condition, mentally and physically," means that he expects to do some robust running next year for the place Mr. Cleveland now holds. —Globe Dem.

Gen. Weaver, populist, says "that the populists will never go into the democratic party." If they should it will make the democratic party sicker than the whale was when it swallowed Jonah.

The fee of \$10,000 which Secretary Howe Smith has just collected from a railway corporation is not as much as he has frequently taken away from the pensioners in a single day to make a Democratic record of economy. —Globe Dem.

The bonds sold to the Belmont Morgan syndicate at 104 are now quoted at 123 and the average citizen can easily figure out the cost of the Democratic blunder in the relation. —Globe Dem.

The Agricultural Department has decided that the peanut is not a nut but a pea. Thus does the present administration gradually solve problems of great pith and moment that were neglected by its Republican predecessors. —Dem Globe.

Boston alone has imported more than four times as much foreign wool so far this year as she did during the same period of time last year. The demand for domestic wool having fallen off tremendously. This is the way free wool helps American wool growers. —Detroit Journal.

From present appearances it looks like as if Nestor township Rosconium county would be made to pay the fraudulent orders issued by its officers. When issued there was but seven voters in the township and they were all officers.

The steal of the Governorship in Tennessee will do for the Democracy what the steal of the Senate three years ago in New York did for the same party. Tennessee will be in the Republican column in 1896. —Globe Democrat.

Spain regrets the Alliance affair, but will this bring reform? Often in the past she expressed sorrow for outrages on American citizens and property, but the outrages were repeated just the same when opportunity offered. —Globe Democrat.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder Most Perfect Made.

"When the baby gets so it can hold its head up" says an authority on infants, "don't try to amuse it by churning it up and down on your knee. Many a poor baby has been choked until its liver, lights and spleen got all mixed together and it grew up to be a populist on account of this thoughtless act of parents."

Are they sure that the old public works commission in Chicago didn't steal more than \$1,000,000? We thought that was reasonable active commission. And doing business under a reform administration, too. Better investigate further. —Detroit Journal.

Thomas Long of Hebron township, an old veteran, was in the city Tuesday and exhibited at the Tribune office a magnificent black bear skin taken from a bear he captured the 2nd of this month. He says he had a narrow escape and was worse frightened than ever he was when facing the Johnnie Rebs. The bear was caught in a trap he had set and when he went to the trap he found brain held by the trap, but in its struggles it broke the sapling to which the trap was fastened and made for him. He did not fancy two intimate acquaintances with the animal and started to increase the distance between he and the bear, but fell down. He gathered himself up before brain reached him and with a shot from his rifle brought bear down. —Cheboygan Tribune.

Additional Locals.

Miss Lizzie Harrington went to Hay City, last Saturday, for a short visit.

The Ladies of the Presbyterian Society will serve coffee and sandwiches, and ice cream, and cake, from 4 to 8 p. m., to-day at the church.

Miss Mary F. Chandler and Miss Euna Cowell, of Caro, and Miss Pansy Havens will take the places in our own school next year made vacant by the resignation of Miss Cole, Miss Adams and Miss Sloan.

Friday evening, June 14, '95, at the residence of Miss Bessie Michelson a Social and Literary treat will be given by the Epworth League. The following programme will be given:

1. Music by the choir. Selected.
 2. "Abraham Lincoln" Miss Bessie Michelson.
 3. Piano Solo, Maud Staley. Selected.
 4. "The M. E. Church and Its Founding" Miss Hettie Eickhoff.
 5. Vocal Solo, Miss Emma Hanson. Selected.
 6. Reading, Selected. Mrs. Benkleman.
 7. Mandolin and Guitar duet, Messrs. Geo Taylor and Harry Cook.
- Light refreshments will be served and all the young people are invited. Admission 5 cents.

Colonel Henry Watterson warns the Kentucky Democrats to keep a sharp eye on Colonel Bradley, the eloquent Kentucky Republican, who is said to be a candidate for United States Senator. The State of Carlisle and Watterson must be losing its fascination for the Star-Eyed Goddess when Watterson sees a dangerous rival in Colonel Bradley, a stalwart Republican. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Workingmen's wages have been going up very rapidly for the past 30 years, while everything they have to buy has been going down more rapidly. The workingman gets many more dollars for a month's work than he ever got before, and each of those dollars will buy much more of the necessities of life than it ever would before. This is the truth that the Capitalists howlers and Socialists never present to their dupes. —National Tribune.

The income tax is a Populist scheme. The leaders of that party are now informed by the Supreme court that taxes on rents and on incomes from bonds, etc., must be apportioned among the states in proportion to their representation in Congress. Suppose the Populists figure out the inequality of a tax so levied. The only way to get around it, however, is to amend the federal constitution. —Tulsa Blade.

A Woman's Summer Magazine.

The charm of listening to a famous man as he tells of the greatest influence upon his life comes very strong upon one in reading the article which the Rev. Robt. Collier, contributes to the June issue of *The Ladies Home Journal*. It is in the Magazine's series of "The Women Who Most Influenced Me," and it is at once the daintiest and strongest contribution to it. Dr. Parkhurst, for the first time, writes of woman suffrage in an article, "Woman Without the Ballot," which will probably call forth a storm of dissent. A new Serial, "The Luck of the Pendennings," by Elizabeth W. Bellamy, the Southern novelist, begins interestingly and gives promise of a strong piece of work. Alice Barber Stephens illustrates it. "The Fashionable White Gown," is pictured and described, and some very practical suggestions for "Cotton and Woolen Gowns" are given. One of Alice Barber Stephens' pretty girls adorns the cover. The *Journal* costs only one dollar a year and is published by The Curtis Publishing Company, of Philadelphia.

The Treasury deficit has passed the fifty million mark. This occurred on May 13—the Treasury statement for that day showing that, since the beginning of the fiscal year, on July 1 last, the actual expenditures of the government have been \$50,404,387 more than its revenues. Last year the deficiency was \$69,802,250, making the aggregate deficiency, from July 1, 1893, to May 13 of this year, \$120,208,147.

These two years are the only ones since 1865—in which year the civil war closed—in which a government had to face a deficiency. The protective system furnished abundant revenues, not only to meet the regular expenses of the government, but to pay off the bonded debt steadily. But the Democratic party, which has always upheld unadorned politics, could not let well enough alone. It preached free trade theories until it misled the voters into giving it full power; and we now see, in the above showing, the fallacy of its theories and its incompetency to handle the nation's financial business.

In about twenty-two months it has created a deficiency of over 120 million dollars; it has increased the bonded debt of the country by \$156,000,000, and added nearly six million dollars of interest per year upon the people. How can such a party ask the voters of the nation to continue it in power? —Toledo Blade.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 24, '95. Senator Palmer, of Illinois, is in Washington. The principal purpose of his visit being to inform Mr. Cleveland of the total collapse of the administration campaign against free silver in that State, which was inaugurated by Mr. Cleveland's letter to that alleged non-partisan Chicago committee. Incidentally Senator Palmer took occasion to express his opinion of two prominent Illinois Democrats he accuses of straddling the silver question, in the following language: "Nobody expected anything else of Vice-President Stevenson, because it is well known that if any question has two sides to it Stevenson will have no opinion on it. Bill Harrison, however, is not usually so moderate, and his position in the beginning was rather surprising, although I think, as affairs are shaping themselves, he was wise in taking a conservative and non-committal position. It will give him more influence when the real fighting begins, if it ever does." Speaking of the coming Democratic convention in Illinois, Senator Palmer made these paradoxical remarks: "The convention was called for the purpose of endorsing free silver, and the programme will be carried out to the letter. There will be a large amount of superfluous enthusiasm, of the manufactured kind, but it will count for nothing. The silver cause is subsiding, and it will continue to subside."

Mr. Cleveland's reports from Kentucky are no more encouraging than those from Illinois. A prominent administration democrat who has just returned from Kentucky, where he went for the purpose of instigating the free silver strength among the democrats, says there isn't the slightest doubt of the failure of Secretary Carlisle to stem the silver flood in the party, and that he regards the adoption of a 16 to 1 free coinage platform by the state convention as a certainty. He says also that it would not surprise him to see the republicans elect a majority of the legislature and a successor to Senator Blackburn. If the administration could control enough votes to prevent, Blackburn will be re-elected, even should the democrats succeed in retaining control of the legislature.

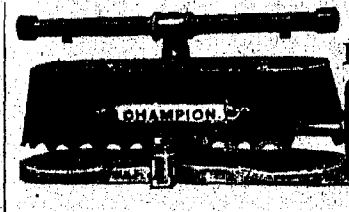
The administration is now pinning its hopes to the effects of the Memphis "Sound Money" convention, held this week, upon the southern democrats, but it remains to be seen whether these hopes are not of the same soap bubble kind as those recently held concerning the defeat of the silver democrats in Illinois and Kentucky.

Appropriations are to be withheld whenever possible, in order to prevent the calling of an extra session of Congress, which Mr. Cleveland acknowledges himself to be afraid of. At the last session of Congress \$5,000,000 was appropriated to pay deferred sugar bounties. Not one cent of this money has been paid out, and there is little probability it will be for some time. It is the same with numerous other appropriations.

The annulment of the income tax by the decision of the Supreme Court has added to the certainty that the next Congress will be called upon to provide for additional revenue, in order to furnish the money to meet the enormous deficit which will exist at the close of the present fiscal year and to prevent a similar deficit during the next fiscal year. A number of ways to do this have already been suggested, but it will not be surprising if the republicans in Congress decide the best way to raise the money and at the same time boom American industries will be to raise the tariff duties upon all articles competing with the products of the United States. That the administration fears this course will be taken is shown by the assertion of its friends that Mr. Cleveland will never sign a bill increasing the tariff duties. Of course they are bluffing and the bluff will be kept up to the last minute for the purposes of influencing the extent to which duties might be raised, but the administration is bound to have more money and it cannot get it without Congress. It is probable that Mr. Cleveland will sign any revenue bill that passes Congress, although he would do so unwillingly if it carried a raise, however slight, of tariff duties. He will have his hands full to pull the government through without having to call an extra session, and by the time the regular session meets, will be glad to accept almost anything that promises to raise the money needed for the expenses of the government.

Justice Jackson wasn't the umpire, after all, in that income tax game, although everybody, himself included, thought he would be when the rehearsal was first proposed. Justice Shiras, by exercising the right granted to every man, and taken without asking by every woman, of changing his mind, made himself the umpire and rendered his decision against the tax.

The attention of our readers is called particularly to the prospectus of the *New York Weekly Press*, on our third page. The *Press* is the most reliable and best republican paper in the country and our readers should subscribe for it in connection with the *AVALANCHE*.



MEMORIAL DAY.

EXERCISES AT M. E. CHURCH, THURSDAY MAY 30, '95, AT 2 P. M.

The procession will form promptly at 1:30 p. m., under direction of Comrade W. S. Chalker, officer of the day in the following order:—Band; K. O. T. M.; Foresters; I. O. O. F.; Woodmen of the World; K. of P.; L. O. T. M.; W. R. C. and G. A. R. and will march to the church.

PROGRAMME:

MUSIC, — Band
MUSIC, — Glee Club
PRAYER, — Rev. Taylor
MUSIC, — Glee Club
ORATION, — Hon. Benj. Huston
MUSIC, — Glee Club
G. A. R. Service, — Marvin Post
MUSIC, — Glee Club

Procession will then reform in column and march to the Cemetery, where the closing exercises will be held in accordance with the Grand Army ritual.

Camp Fire at M. E. Church.

Thursday Evening May 30th., 1895.

PROGRAMME:

1. Music, E. L. Choir.
2. Invocation, Rev. J. J. Willetts.
3. Music, Choir.
4. Introductory address, O. Palmer.
5. Address, Hon. B. Huston.
6. Music, Choir.
7. Address, W. S. Chalker.
8. Address, Hon. H. H. Woodruff.
9. Music, Choir.
10. Address, Rev. S. G. Taylor.
11. Address, R. McElroy.
12. Music, Choir.
13. Benediction, Rev. McCloud.

The members of the W. R. C. are requested to meet in their hall on Thursday morning May 30th at 9 o'clock to fix the flowers for decorating the graves, and in the afternoon at 1 o'clock at the hall to form in the procession with the different orders.

REBECCA WIGHT, Sec.

The twenty-ninth national encampment, G. A. R., will convene at Louisville, Ky., Sept. 12th., & 13th. The grand parade will be Sept. 11th. The Citizens of Louisville, comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic and members of Confederate associations will give a loyal welcome.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by L. Fournier, Druggist.

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache, Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure, and the most dreadful habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation, Electric Bitters, by giving the needed tonic, to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only fifty cents at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Gallonette, Druggist, Beaverville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. I won't keep store or home without it." Get a free trial bottle, at L. Fournier's Drug Store.

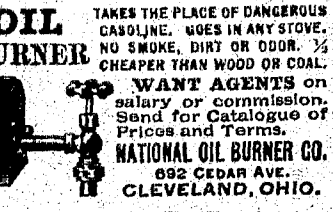
Mortgage Sale.

WHEREAS, default has been made in the payment of the money secured by a mortgage dated the twenty-ninth day of August in the year A. D. 1894, executed by Victor Sorenson and Anna Sorenson, his wife, both of the Village of Grayling, County of Crawford and State of Michigan, to Ernest N. Salling, Rasmus Hanson and Nels Michelson, co-partners, doing business as said Grayling Village, as Salling Hanson & Co., which said mortgage was recorded in the office of the register of deeds of the said County of Crawford, on the twenty-fourth day of August 1894, in Liber B of mortgages on page 230 on the 30th day of October A. D. 1894 at four o'clock P. M.;

And whereas the amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is the sum of four hundred sixty-two and 21/100 dollars of principal and interest, and the further sum of fifteen dollars as an attorney's fee provided for by the statute in such case, and which the whole amount claimed to be unpaid on said mortgage, and on suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt now remaining secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof, whereby the power of sale contained in said mortgage has become operative;

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the said power of sale, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises therein described, at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the front door of the court house in Grayling Village, on the day of August 1895, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, which said premises are described in said mortgage as follows, to wit: All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated in the Village of Grayling, in the County of Crawford and State of Michigan, and described as follows, to wit: The Western one half (W. 1/2) of lot 13, and the Eastern one half (E. 1/2) of lot 14, both of Block sixteen of the Village of Grayling according to the recorded plat thereof for the year 1894.

ERNEST N. SALLING,
RASMUS HANSON & NELS MICHELSON, CO-PARTNERS.
Geo. ALEXANDER,
Attorney for mortgagees.
May 16, 1895.



We can Collar and Cuff any man in America

and do it too in a way that he will like. Every man that wears collars and cuffs should know about the "CELLULOID." Interlined. A linen collar or cuff covered with waterproof "CELLULOID." They are the only Interlined Collars and Cuffs made.

They are the top notch of comfort, neatness and economy. They will go through the day with you in good shape, no matter how hot or how busy you get. You can clean one yourself in a minute, without dependence on busy wives, unskillful hired girls or uncertain and distant laundries. Simply wipe them off.

Every piece is marked as follows:



THE CELLULOID COMPANY, 427-29 Broadway, NEW YORK.

GOOD ADVICE.

Every patriotic citizen should give his personal effort and influence to increase the circulation of his home paper which teaches the American policy of Protection. It is his duty to aid in this respect in every way possible. After the home paper is taken care of, why not subscribe for the AMERICAN ECONOMIST, published by the American Protective Tariff League? One of its correspondents says: "No true American can get along without it. I consider it the greatest and truest political teacher in the United States."

Send postal card request for free sample copy. Address: Wilbur F. Walteman, General Secretary, 135 West 23d St., New York.

The National Tribune, WASHINGTON, D. C., is One of less than Half-a-Dozen Really Great Family Papers in the Country.

IT IS THE ONLY ONE published at the National Capital.
IT IS THE ONLY ONE devoted to the history of the war.
IT IS THE ONLY ONE devoted to the interests of ex-soldiers and sailors and wives of Veterans.
IT IS THE ONLY ONE That makes a bold and persistent fight for highest American rights.
IT IS THE ONLY ONE That continually insists on justice being done the country's defenders.
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IT IS EASY TO SEE ON THE 'Daugherty Visible' Type Writer EVERY WORD AND LETTER RAPID-DURABLE--SIMPLE. Permanent Alignment. Price \$75.00

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DIME DEALS!

We have reduced the price of the following Canned Goods, to

ONE DIME A TIN, TEN TINS FOR A DOLLAR.

Now is the Time to Buy a Supply for the Winter.

Yellow Peaches,	-	10 Cents.
Diamond Tomatoes	-	10 "
Evergreen Corn,	-	10 "
String Beans,	-	10 "
Lima Beans,	-	10 "
Marrowfat Peas,	-	10 "
Red Cherries,	-	10 "
Strawberries,	-	10 "
Alaska Salmon,	-	10 "
Sardines in Mustard,	-	10 "
Blue-back Mackerel,	-	10 "
Dried Beef,	-	10 "
Pickles, fancy,	-	10 "
Catsup,	-	10 "
Horse Radish,	-	10 "
Olives,	-	10 "

Do not delay in securing some of these bargains. The goods are strictly first class.

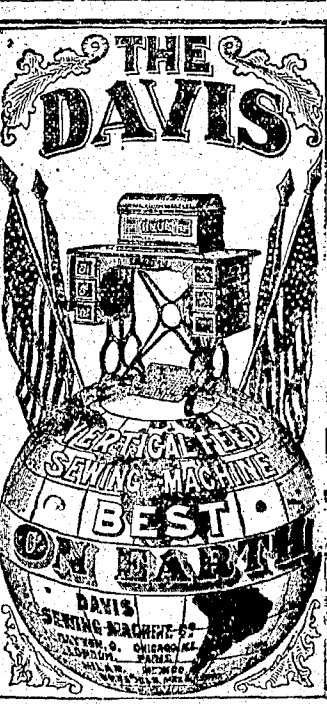
SALLING, HANSON & CO.

UNDERTAKING! UNDERTAKING!



AT BRADEN & FORBE'S FURNITURE ROOMS

Will be found at all times a full line of CLOTH and WOOD CASKETS and BURIAL CASES, Ladies', Gents' and Childrens' ROBES. A good BEARER will be sent to any part of the country FREE. Especial attention given to embalming or preserving corpse.



The Highest Prize - - - GIVEN BY THE World's Columbian Exposition. HAS BEEN AWARDED TO THIS Davis Sewing Machine Co. For its High Grade Family Sewing Machines. Address: DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO. DAYTON, OHIO. CHICAGO, ILL. THIS PAPER is on file at the Philadelphia office of the New York Tribune at 100 N. 4th St. and at the New York Tribune at 100 N. 4th St.

A REVISIT TO LIBBY PRISON.

(Some time ago Chicago capitalists purchased and removed to that city "Libby Prison" of Richmond, Va., the old brick warehouse where so many Union prisoners were incarcerated during the civil war. It is used as a war museum and contains a large collection of very interesting relics.)

Chicago has raised her jeweled hand And clasped her arm with an iron band; As a saint may toy with a tyrant's crown, After his throne has been toppled down; As a slave may lift his broken chain, To test, in might, its strength again.

"What is it they say, old comrades dear? No animosity harbored here; No sectional feeling or party spite In Libby Prison? That's right, that's right."

"We have lit the fires of love and peace 'Tis the time the blasts of war should cease!"

"Yes, lead me in. 'Tis the same low door That open swung for us both before; On a day like this, when the frost-cut leaves, Drifting low on the smoky breeze, Fell, dew-dyed, on the crimsoned breast Of many a dead that lay at rest."

"And many a gallant fellow lay White and cold, in his suit of gray, Before we set out for this prison pen, Jeered on and driven by Forrest's men, As the setting smoke at eventfall Fell o'er the dead—a flame-fringed pall!"

"Well, how does it look? I plainly see, With inner sight, how it used to be. Here was the door and the post about there, Where I cut my name with painful care, When, as weak as any child, I lay After my fever'd burned away."

"Just let me grope; I can surely find The spots I have so well in mind."

"How queer it seems to be here alone— I can almost fancy I hear the tone Of a voice—long drowned in a minute's silence—"

Now, out of my darkness faces gleam Tinged and aglow with the campfire's light, Or starved and dead in here at night.

"What was, set looks. Not soldier fare, Not open fields marked such despair. Oh! why do those eyes from out the gloom So sadly peer in this prison room? Look, look, how they come from far and near—"

Assembly call! The boys are here! "The courtyard fills, they're trooping in Dugout and rat-hell, foul and dim; Forward, advance! Old Libby feel The clash of spectral arm and steel; While I—a Samson blind—o'erthrow This cursed walling place of woe!"

"Ah, yes! Ah, yes! I raved, I know The war was over long ago. But lead me out where I can feel"

"The air of freedom round me steal. Yes, lead me out where brothers stand. Who've dropped the gun to clasp the hand!"

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confusion of rescue, and when the terrible night had passed away, little Myrtle was nowhere to be found.

The frantic mother had haunted the vicinity for weeks, with others, seeking for traces of missing friends. What had become of her baby darling? She never knew. But as body after body was cast ashore, broken heartedly she decided that her child had found a watery grave.

Mary Burton had given two to paradise on that eventful last night of the war, it seemed—Myrtle, the innocent, and John Burton, private in the Army of the West, but surely captain in the heavenly phalanx here valor and duty brought the meed deserved.

"Good-bye—my lost one, my cherished"

"The court-yard fills, they're trooping in Dugout and rat-hell, foul and dim; Forward, advance! Old Libby feel The clash of spectral arm and steel; While I—a Samson blind—o'erthrow This cursed walling place of woe!"

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MAKING MACHINERY.

HOW REAPERS AND MOWERS ARE MANUFACTURED.

Thousands of Men Work Day After Day in Smoky City Shops Making Implements for the Farmers to Use in Harvesting Their Grain.

An Important Industry.

CHICAGO, Dec. 10.—The city of Chicago is a great manufacturing center, and one of the most important industries is the making of machinery. The city is famous for its reapers and mowers, which are used by farmers all over the world. The machinery is made in the city's shops, and the workers are paid well for their labor. The city is also famous for its iron works, which produce a variety of iron products. The city's machinery industry is one of the most important in the world, and it has helped to make Chicago a great city.

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OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—sayings and doings that are odd, curious and laughable—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh.

The statesman's brave who singly dares To fight a clique or ring, But braver far is he who wears The first straw hat of spring. —Boston Courier.

Hobson—What do you suppose a dog's pants are made of? Wigwag—Probably of a sort of very light bark. —Philadelphia Record.

"In my business, lady, it's impossible to get a day's work." "You don't say! What's your business?" "I'm a night watchman." —Scribner's.

Green Gates—Is your son doing well at college? Halsey Putnam—Not as well as I expected; he is only playing center field. —Brooklyn Eagle.

"Ah," said the magazine reader, contemplating his friend's new baby, "Fine child. Is it a Napoleon or a Trilby?" —Cincinnati Tribune.

She—There's no use in talking, it's the small things that annoy one most. He—Yes. Even a little mosquito bores me frightfully. —Philadelphia Record.

"Why was the bee selected as a model of industry?" asked Tillingshast. "Because business with him is always humming," replied Gildersleeve. —Judge.

Trolley car conductor—Settle now, or get off. Dignified citizen—What do you take me for, sir? Conductor—Fifty cents, same as anybody else. —Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Norris—In this book I have written down most of the little incidents of our married life. Old Bonder—Ah! Sort of family scrap-book, eh? —Brooklyn Life.

Sad-faced tramp—Madam, I am a homeless man. Patient housewife—Well, if you are home less than my husband is, I pity your poor wife. —Tatnam's Times.

Judge—And you are accused of throwing a mug of beer at the plaintiff. Plaintiff—Anybody who knows me will tell you that that is inconceivable. —Hillegende Blagetter.

Gags—Self-made is a man who thoroughly believes in himself. Waggs—Then he must be next to an infidel, for an infidel believes in nothing. —New York Tribune.

Hobson—Don't you think that Martin girl is frightfully dull? Jobson—Well, hardly. You should have seen the way she cut me on the avenue yesterday. —Philadelphia Record.

Wigwag—There is at least one time of the day when I am sure of my standing. Hobson—When's that? "When I go home at 6 o'clock in the trolley car." —Philadelphia Record.

First wall flower—How gracefully Miss Western holds up her train. Second wall flower—It ought to come natural, for they say her father started life as a road agent. —Truth.

Mrs. Belledfield—Mrs. Oakland has a great secret. Mrs. Bloomfield—Oh, no! She can't have. "Why not?" "If she had she would have told it to me." —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Mr. Fosdick—I want good tea. Is that genuine Bohea? Honest, now? Mr. Peck (as he weighs it out)—Yes, sir; I will guarantee it. I believe that honest tea is the best policy. —Judge.

ALL FOR THE LOVE OF MAN

She thought that love was only this—
A little smile, a little kiss,
A promise given, a freedom lost,
And years to come to count the cost,
She laughed aloud at Cupid's dart,
And said, "I'll never pierce my heart,
For lover's smile I never would slight,
For lover's kiss I never would not die."

But that was yesterday—
Before the dawn began,
But lo! this morn she sighs, forlorn,
All for the love of man.
"All else," she says, "is vain!"
Oh, pity her who can;
Her heart is rent with discontent,
And all for the love of man.

Shed to say that love was made
For foolish maids who were afraid
To face alone the trials of life,
That met us in this world of strife;
And freedom, she loudly cried,
Was lost when maid became a bride.
Said she, "A slave I never will be;
It goes against my theory."

But that was yesterday—
Before the dawn began,
But lo! this morn she sighs, forlorn,
All for the love of man.
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Oh, pity her who can;
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—THE LADY'S COMPANION.

PETE SANDERS' TRIUMPH.

BY ARCHIBALD HOBSON.

So Smithville was to have a big sewing machine factory. According to Giles Sanders, the building was to be "bigger in all creation, with a smoke chimney a hundred and eighty odd feet high." And surely Giles was in a position to know for he had seen the plans with his own eyes. He was a bricklayer, and the contractor had agreed to employ him on the work. It was an all summer's job.

Now Giles had a boy, Peter, and Peter, it cannot be denied, had no affection for work. The neighborhood called him a lazy good for nothing. The other boys nicknamed him "Pretty Pete," in very irony of his homeliness. Even his father had very little good to say of him. His mother alone, with the faith and hope that mothers have, God bless them, stoutly maintained that Peter was "a good hearted boy." And she was right.

Peter was the kind of a boy that people, especially sober-going, thrifty people, find it hard to understand. He was different some way, and when any one is "different," he is likely to be disliked by the indifferent. Pete was, to cut it short, a genius. His head was full of ideas, but he was reticent and sensitive, and instead of trying to "show off," he kept his thoughts to himself. So it was that he knew a good deal more than people gave him credit for.

But he hated work. Some way it generally happened that when there was wood to pile or potatoes needed, Peter was not to be found. The chances were he was off hunting or fishing or gathering specimens for his butterfly or birds' egg collections. If not, then he was pretty sure to be back in the corner of the woodshed that he appropriated, sawing and hammering away on some new invention of his for using up lumber and nails. And it was like pulling teeth to draw him away.

He was always making something. But as the products of his ingenuity were seldom anything practical his father thought all this tinkering and experimenting was time thrown away or worse. But this roving and tinkering bent was the extent of Peter's wickedness. There was nothing morally bad about him. He was simply tinctured with the irresponsibility of genius, perhaps.

Work went along on the sewing machine factory steadily all summer. Gradually the walls arose one, two, three, four stories; then the roof was put on. By August the carpenters were at work on the inside, and some of the machinery, even, began to arrive.

The last of the masonry to be finished was the great brick smokestack, a hundred and eighty-five feet high. This was a very important piece of work. On account of its great height it had to be built with extraordinary care in every particular.

As tier after tier of bricks was added and the huge shaft rose higher and higher in the air it became to the country round a matter of growing interest. It could be seen miles away, and before it was yet finished "the Smithville stack" was a landmark that half of Smith County had seen and the other half had heard all about.

The chimney tapered gradually in as it progressed upward, till, by the time it was hundred feet high there was only room enough on the little scaffolding for one man to work to advantage. And the man selected to complete the job was Giles Sanders; for he was, beyond question, the best workman in the neighborhood.

Finally the last tier of bricks was laid and the chimney finished, all but setting in place the capstone that was to protect the top from the action of the weather. The setting of this capstone was made the occasion for a sort of voluntary celebration by the good people of Smithville. The new factory was their factory, they felt, and they had good reason to rejoice at its successful completion. Their chimney was the highest chimney in all that part of the State, and it was a thing for every man, woman and child in the town to be proud of.

So it became noised abroad that on Saturday Giles Sanders would set the capstone. Saturday was the day that all the farmers went to town, and those of the women folks that got wind of the doings contrived to have business in Smithville that day and went along. In short, as Giles Sanders, proud man that he was, made his final trip to the top of the chimney that bright September afternoon, and looked down around him, he might almost have taken a census of Smith township by counting the number of heads he saw.

There lay the capstone at the foot of the chimney, jacked up on two timbers. It was a great, ponderous flat stone, with a hole cut out of it, just the right size to fit the chimney.

More than a quarter of a ton it weighed, so the stonecutters said. No wind would ever blow the top off that chimney, it was certain. The whole thing would go first.

A strong derrick had been specially rigged up on the top of the chimney. A great beam had been strongly lashed in place, so as to project over the edge, with a tackle block fastened at the end, and the capstone was to be hauled up by a wire cable with two yokes of oxen at the end.

It always takes longer than expected to make ready for such an operation. The crowd began to grow impatient. Giles Sanders, however, conspicuous on the top of the chimney, was in no hurry to have the thing over, for as long as it lasted he was bound to be the object of all eyes and the subject of conversation. It was the greatest day and hour of his life.

At length, after much toggling and testing, everything was pronounced ready. Word was given, the derrick whipped up his oxen, the cable tightened and slowly but surely the heavy capstone rose from its resting place into the air, steadied by the workmen, and then went straight on upward, as if it had been a pebble.

A shout of exultation broke from the crowd, and then all was quiet again while every eye followed the massive block in its upward course. There was Giles Sanders up aloft looking over the edge of the chimney, he too watching intently the steadily rising burden. Half way up—now three-quarters—now nearly there. Only few feet more and the capstone will rest triumphant in its place.

Suddenly Giles Sanders waved his arms frantically.

"Stand from under down there, for Heaven's sake," he shouts. "She's breaking, she's breaking!" There is a creaking, rattling hum, followed by a deafening crash of timbers, and the mighty stone comes tearing its way to the earth, carrying away in its flight the wooden scaffolding and burying itself deep in the earth at the foot of the chimney. The people rush to the spot with one impulse. Fortunately no one is hurt. Giles' warning shout and the creak of the cable gave the workmen time to get out of the way. No harm is done; the stone is not even broken. But stop! Now the crowd begins to realize it, and there is a buzz of anxious voices. How is Giles Sanders to get down? There he is on top of the shaft nearly two hundred feet in the air. The derrick is broken and fallen. The scaffolding, his other resource, lies scattered on the ground, except for a few straggling timbers that still hang loosely in position. Jump, it would never do, indeed, none can climb the stone enough to reach him.

Up the scaffolding can be rebuilt, but it will take two days to do it. And all this time the poor man must stay up there, with hardly room to hang on, nothing to eat and, no possibility of sleeping. What if, during the night, he should grow weak or unsteady and fall off? The bare possibility is frightful to think of. Ingenious fellows in the crowd puzzle their heads for some means to rescue the unfortunate one. "Tear up your shirt into strips," shouts some one, "and tie 'em together, and let down the end, and then we'll fasten a rope on for you." And Giles sets to work zipping and tearing and cutting, with fingers and teeth and pocket knife. Then he ties the lengths together, but no, they're not long enough; they reach only a little more than half way down.

The case seems hopeless. Giles must stay up there, without relief. Already it is beginning to grow dusk, and now the men set to work in earnest to rebuild the scaffolding. "Where's that good for nothing Pete?" someone inquired. "Likely off shootin' squirrels. He's never round when anything's the matter," answered another. "No," ventured his mother, as she overheard the remark, "he was here this afternoon. I saw him just before the accident."

"Sure enough, here he comes across the fields," assented the man. "But what's the boy got? It looks like a kite. He ain't got the heart to go a flyin' kites with his father up there on that thing, has he? But it's just like him. I don't believe he thinks as much of his father as he does of his kite."

Mrs. Sanders put her apron to her eyes and walked over to meet Peter, who had meantime come running up. "What in the world do you mean, Peter, for foolin' with your kite at such a time as this?" she asked. "Just you wait, mother," answered Pete, softly as he adjusted the tail and guiderlines of the kite.

Meantime the waiting crowd had begun to gather around Peter, out of curiosity to see what he was about. "What you think you're tryin' to do, Pretty?" inquired one; and the untimely banter was greeted by an untimely laugh. But Peter kept untroubled as he went on making his kite ready.

There was just a soft evening breeze stirring out of the south. "Take her and hold her up good," said Pete to another boy standing near, as he placed the kite in his hands. Then, having unwound some string, he told the boy to let go, and in a moment the kite rose gently into the air, sailing steadily upward with an easy grace that told she was perfectly made.

Then it dawned upon the bystanders that there was method in Pete's madness, and now no one dared banter him. Steadily rose the kite on the breeze. Soon it was as high as the chimney. Then Pete paid out the string deftly and shifted about till the kite was directly over where his father was standing.

Now his father seizes the string, impatiently, as if he thought to climb down on it out of that fearful trap. Now Pete ties to the end of the string a clothes line that he has brought with him.

"Now pull, father," says he with the coolness of a man thoroughly sure of what he is doing.

His father pulls up the string, hand-over-hand, and with it the clothes line. Now the boy fastens to the end of the line the tackle block that fell from the broken derrick, and the father draws it up to the top. Now all is plain. Another trip with the line and this time a strong rope is

taken up. Giles Sanders runs the end through the pulley, now securely fastened, and ties it round his body under the arms; strong and willing hands below pay out the rope with caution; Giles comes dangling through the air steadily downward, and in another minute he stands safe and sound on the earth. The people gather round to shake his hand and have a word with him. And now Peter is not forgotten. But the boy has run home, run away from the crowd to escape the praise he knew they would now load upon him.

That night his father spoke gently to him, more gently than he ever had before; and his mother's voice quivered so she could not speak. From that hour Peter was transformed. He had felt for once the encouragement of sympathy, and he saw now something to work for. All at once he was a man, willing, capable and with a heart for whatever his hand found to do.

The factory started up next month and Peter had a place as engineer's assistant. That was a score of years ago. When he was 22 he invented the simple little sewing machine attachment for winding bobbins—any one might have thought of it you would have said—and to-day he owns a large share of the factory. He would have been a millionaire if he had invested more of his money in interest bearing securities and less in the "bonds and deeds fraternal" that bring their profit mostly in after life.

AT A CITY POUND.

Where Many Odds and Ends Find Their Way.

The New York pound is a queer institution situated in an odd locality. It consists of a long, narrow yard, extending along Fifty-sixth street from Eleventh avenue west almost to the river. While the homeless living are transported to the island, the unknown dead go to the Morgue, but every inanimate incumbrance found upon the city highways and byways eventually finds its way to the pound. These include almost every conceivable thing on wheels, from a fruit-vender's push-cart to enormous furniture vans large enough for a small family to live in comfortably.

Major Sullivan, who is in charge, is an old army man and was a member of the secret service after the war. "Political pulls" can't break through my guard line here," he said to the reporter, "and my sentries won't be bribed. I am not responsible for the arrest of my prisoners, but once they come here they remain until ransomed by their respective owners."

"Push carts and other similar wheeled contrivances pay a fine of \$1, while \$2 is charged for redeeming trucks and all the larger vehicles. This is of course for the first offense. If it is a second offense, an old offender, \$2 is added to the price of ransom for each time it has been in prison. Over there in that corner are two trucks known as 'Brady's' and 'Flaherty's' hotels. They belong to men of those names and have been taken from West Fourth street repeatedly. The owners have no horses, and the trucks remain in the streets week in and week out. A gang of homeless vagrants use them to sleep in regularly. Everyone in the neighborhood got to know them by the names given them by the lodgers. The 'hotels' were used by their patrons as meeting places in which to give mixed ale parties and the like."

The other portion of the corporation yard is under the control of the Department of Public Works. Here Henry Kinney is in charge of a heterogeneous collection of the city's refuse and refuse. Every incumbrance not on wheels comes here. In the inclosure a barber's sign with a painted hand pointing toward a motley collection of bric-a-brac catches the eye. On top of the heap a transparency announced the "Annual Entertainment of the Dominican Union." A host of professional talent has been engaged for the occasion. Another sign read, "Welcome, Gospel Meetings. Every night except Saturday, St. John's M. E. Church. Come and hear Mrs. Clark. Bright speakers. Good singing. Come." Beside these stood two demijohns eight feet tall, which had been gathered in from in front of some liquor dealer's shop. Two little colored boys with the signs "Artist Tailor" and "Ladies Hairdressing Saloon" on their backs resolved themselves into two itching pests upon closer scrutiny.

Under a shed a pile of well-worn furniture gave mute evidence of some one's misfortune. The household goods had belonged to families who had been dispossessed for one cause or another. Evicted, starving, homeless and friendless, the unfortunates had been sent to the poorhouse or the island, while their few domestic treasures had been taken from the street to the vortex of the pound. Auction sales are held monthly in the yards, the proceeds of which go to the city treasury. Junkmen and second-hand dealers in everything flock to the scene to take advantage of the opportunity, and thus there is always room for "one more" from the driftwood of the great metropolis.

A Newsboy's Gratitude.

A well known London doctor was recently astonished at having a copper refused by one of the usually pert, and sometimes insolent paper boys who line the Strand and make Fleet street hideous with their cries. On asking the reason, the urchin recalled the fact that at one of the hospitals the doctor had attended him and saved his life.

But more was to follow, as the doctor found an evening paper mysteriously left on his doorstep every night, until he himself stopped it, thinking that the debt of gratitude had been more than paid by the very thought of making any return at all.

A Strange Tale.

Digby Onokod, Jr., the postmaster at East Hokokus, N. J., in 1898 stocked the pond on his farm with pike. Last summer they devoured a flock of valuable Brazilian geese and twenty-one ordinary ducks that were swimming in the pond, and, strange to relate, a pike was caught there on Tuesday which has eight well developed, but very short legs, all of which are webbed.

HIGH HOTEL KITCHENS.

TURNING OUT AN ELABORATE BILL OF FARE.

The Chef's Organized Corps—Buying the Enormous Food Supply and Cooking It According to a Thousand Recipes.

There are two great men in the lower section of the big modern hotel. One of them is the steward and the other is the chef. The first supplies the raw provender, and the other gives it the artistic treatment which later on soothes the appetite of the guest into dreamy satisfaction. The steward is a keen business man who watches the markets as closely as a professional stock speculator. At night he makes a list of what he is to buy the next morning. The chef would read like a bit of fiction to the average housewife. It is the regular thing for the steward of one of the new Fifth avenue hotels to buy each morning twenty-five different kinds of fresh fish, fifteen sorts of shellfish, ten of smoked and salt fish, twenty-five varieties of meats, and the same number of butcher's specialties, such as sweetbreads, calf's head, etc.; fifteen varieties of game, thirty-five of vegetables, a dozen of fruit and a like number of cheeses.

A number of smaller items are also bought each day, such as olives, jellies, syrups, milk and eggs. There are regular days for the purchase of vast quantities of groceries, but these give the steward comparatively little trouble as they require no skilful handling to secure. An order is sent by telephone or messenger to the wholesaler, and the goods are delivered. Great care is taken in the purchase of milk, butter and eggs. Four of the large fashionable hotels pay a contract price of \$1 a pound the year round for their butter, and this item alone costs each of them in the neighborhood of \$90,000 a year, including the cooking butter.

None of the milk supplied to these hotels is of the skimmed variety. It is bought by contract from large dealers, and from each can is taken enough to fill a small glass jar, which is at once placed in a refrigerator at 45 degrees and kept locked up for twenty-four hours. At the expiration of that time it is tested. An order is sent to discover the exact proportion of cream and milk. The season of the year has much to do with these proportions, which for the cream vary from 12 to 22 per cent. If the cream falls below the minimum the dealer stands the immediate danger of losing a fat contract.

Eggs are a tender subject with the large hotel men, and the steward invariably buys the costliest in the market. An egg of bad character may lose for the hotel one of its best patrons, and may indirectly cause others to change their quarters, as the man who leaves on account of a disreputable egg is sure to tell about it. Not only that, but it has the power to ruin scores of dollars' worth of dainty pastry, galleons of puddings and custards, and generally do untold damage.

All the eggs not boiled to order are broken separately by skilled assistants, making the cost of handling them a considerable item. Two hundred and fifty dozen is an average number used each day in a large hotel, and at busy times as much as 500 dozen have been handled. Breaking and judging 6,000 eggs in a day is no small task, as can easily be imagined.

All the meat used is treated with artistic care, and the "ripening" process requires the judgment of an expert. When purchased it is ticketed with the date of killing and the dressing, and is then packed in a cold room at 45 degrees for two weeks. When removed it is usually covered with a thick mold and the appearance of the mold to the expert is the key-note of its condition. It must be ripe, juicy and tender, and the long storage usually brings about these results.

The real work of the kitchen falls to the lot of the chef. In four of the greatest New York hotels the chef is an Alsatian, and his salary ranges from \$6,000 to \$10,000 a year. He has a number of department chefs under him and each of them has a small regiment of helpers.

The next in rank to the chef is the saucier, who boils the meats and mixes the soups and sauces. After him comes the rotisseur, who broils and roasts all the meats and fish. Following the rotisseur is the entremetier, who handles all the side dishes, such as vegetables, omelets and whatever is fried. The garde manger, next in rank, makes the salads and prepares the cold meats. The butcher, who cuts the meats, and the poissonner, who dresses the fish, and the cordon-rouge, who fills the important post of head pot washer, complete the executive force of the chef.

With a well organized staff of assistants the main duty of the chef comes just before mealtime, when he makes a round of the entire kitchen, tasting every article prepared. He may suggest some slight change, like the adding of seasoning, but usually everything has been done to his satisfaction. The bakery force is independent of the chef.

A ROYAL SPORTSMAN.

Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, is Fond of Hunting.

Royalty gets its recreation in various ways. In ancient times the relief from official cares was had by looking at slaves contesting good naturedly for prizes or fighting earnestly or vindictively for self preservation. Things are different now. Emperor William, of Germany; the Czar of Russia and the Prince of Wales take to various athletic diversions, principally yachting.

Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, though fond of nearly every kind of outdoor sport, is passionately devoted to hunting. Chamois hunting, for instance, is sport of the most difficult character. It would be the hardest kind of work for most of America's smart set, who "follow the hounds" so assiduously in season. But chamois hunting appeals to the Austrian Emperor because it is arduous, and probably to be successful requires a

remarkable degree of skill with the rifle and extraordinary familiarity with horseback riding. He is inordinately fond of horses, and is, therefore, most naturally a splendid horseman. He does not look so well on horseback as his graceful wife, the Empress, but he goes in more for fun than looks, though the Empress is, by the way, a courageous hunter. Emperor Francis, though 64 years of age, is as hardy and tireless as a man of 30.

Solferino is his favorite resort for hunting the nimble chamois, and here for weeks he will occupy a modest shooting lodge, chatting affably with the peasants and taking what sport comes in his way with quiet good nature. The district abounds in mountain forests and little villages, where the Emperor's appearance excites slight attention.

The Wolf of Wounded Knee.

Those who remember the terrible battle that took place some four years ago between the Indians of the Pine Ridge agency and the United States regular troops at the place known as Wounded Knee may have forgotten, says the Philadelphia Times, that a girl baby was found on the body of her mother four days after the fight. That Indian baby is alive and well, and is now the adopted daughter of General Colby, who took her under his care as soon as she was found and brought her to his wife. Big Foot, chief of the Sioux, had about twenty lodges gathered about him when the outbreak began, but after a terrible fight in the winter, not one of the one hundred and twenty warriors was left to tell the tale, and when the soldiers went over the snow covered fields afterward they found the dead body of an Indian squaw, and closely held to her breast was a tiny babe about seven months old.

Zinta, Lanuni, as she is called, does not seem to be the "Lost Bird" that her name indicates, for when a Times reporter called at the home of Mrs. Colby a few days ago she came running in and began to speak in excellent English and show some queer balls that she had gathered in her rambles. She is large for her age, and seems to be a child of fine intelligence, calling her adopted father and mother, "mother" and "father," and that time it is said that she went to discover the exact proportion of cream and milk. The season of the year has much to do with these proportions, which for the cream vary from 12 to 22 per cent. If the cream falls below the minimum the dealer stands the immediate danger of losing a fat contract.

Loss of the President.

What a strange story is that communicated by the Duke of Newcastle to the Globe concerning the loss of the President! He says that a trustworthy informant in the United States assured him that a sailor dying in an American port had confessed to having formed one of the crew of a pirate vessel which captured the great steamship. Every soul on board was made to walk the plank and the ship was scuttled.

The story seems incredible, yet it may be true, and the possibility of it gives one quite a shock. It is fifty years ago and more since the President disappeared from human sight, without, I believe, leaving a trace; the loss of no other vessel—for it was the first of the great passenger ships to go—has caused as great an excitement. How those at home clung to hope, some of them for years—for the notion of the crew being wrecked on some out of the way island was eagerly adopted, and how many a heart was broken by the intolerable suspense! At last it was generally concluded that the ship had collided with an iceberg and foundered. And now comes this terrible story, which it is fortunate was not conceived of when it would have had the power to make those at home more miserable.

It is not to be forgotten, however, that more than one story has been recently written upon this very subject—the capture and scuttling of a passenger steamer—and it seems more likely that they have suggested the idea being adapted to the loss of the President than that a solitary pirate should have revealed such a long kept secret of the seas.

Largest Water Spout in Europe.

The municipality of Geneva, Switzerland, has recently built a new reservoir on the Bessingues Heights at an elevation of about 440 feet above the level of the lake. This reservoir is filled by motive power obtained from an artificial fall of the waters of the Rhone, where it leaves the lake. At the entrance to the harbor a water spout is provided, which is turned on only Sunday and several evenings in the week. This spout is the biggest in Europe, rising to nearly 800 feet in the air. In clear weather it can be seen from afar, and appears like a sail oscillating in the wind. On summer evenings often beautiful effects are shown, with several smaller fountains electrically illuminated in various colors. These water fireworks, as they say, this entertainment, have become great favorites, and the natives and tourists are greatly admiring the innovation.

The "Little Johnny" Mine.

The gold mine said to have the largest output of any in the world is the "Little Johnny," of Leadville, Col., owned by John E. Campion. He went to Leadville and took up the "Little Johnny" after other miners had abandoned it because they could not find a trace of carbonates. When he was a poor prospector, two years ago, he became acquainted with a school teacher, Miss Nellie May Daly. He could not marry her because he was too poor, but with an income of \$800,000 a year, which he now has, that obstacle has been removed, and they were married in Denver a few days since. He has ordered the construction of a residence there to cost \$100,000.

DOES CRIME PAY?

Oliver Curtis Perry, Sentenced for 50 Years, Says "No."

The story of the recapture of the desperate, all breaker from the Matteawan (N. Y.) State Asylum for Insane Convicts, Oliver Curtis Perry, is an intensely moral narrative. That is to say, it presents in most vivid colors the awful risks and the crushing penalties that attend men who set out to defy society. We have so many imaginative stories in which vice wears the glamour of heroism that this plain but harrowing statement of a hunted man may well be put before the youth of the country as the most effective bit of realism to teach the one important lesson so often left out of tales of romantic crime—namely, that crime does not pay.

Perry is worthy of close observation, for there is no more remarkable criminal in the jails of this wide land. In February, 1894, he captured, single handed, an express train on the New York Central Railroad, defended by armed men. He began the attack while suspended from the roof of a car moving at the rate of fifty miles an hour. For this and a series of other crimes he received sentences of imprisonment amounting to nearly fifty years. After his last capture he said:

"I have learned that in the present state of society train robbing is not a paying business. I have speculated in crime and found out that it does not pay. If I had a new chance at life I would do very different. I mean if I was not captured, to make a new man of myself. What freedom I had I used honestly—I was free to steal; I did not burglarize. I had no food, no shelter; I was barefoot and almost destitute of clothing; I



OLIVER CURTIS PERRY.

was racked with rheumatism, which the exposure made worse, and camped over the stones through the Fishkill mountains my feet were out and sore, and when I stumbled and fell my body was bruised and my hands scratched. The only thing I tried to steal was a ride on a freight train. But when I tried to reach up to catch on my arm was so cramped with rheumatism I could not lift it high enough. I fell backward and my foot was caught in the truck of the car and pinched. I was so hungry that I ate some raw potatoes I found on my way, and then a few handfuls of corn such as they feed to the chickens. I ate even the potato peelings, and the corn I chewed fine and ate with much relish."

Perry had all the elements of a dime novel hero. He was daring in conception, fertile in expedients, patient in execution, desperate in extremity. He used his brains as well as his muscles to escape. But once outside the Matteawan Asylum the whole world took to hunting him, and there was not a spot where he could lie safely down and get the assured rest that came to him in his cell. He fled hither and thither, footsore and empty, suspicious of all human beings, and was run down at last crushed in spirit and broken in body. Crime and jail breaking, when told as this narrative tells them are not apt to stimulate the young imagination to a point of imitation. The nervous Perry rounded up his career as a hunted dog, almost glad to get back to his cell where he could throw himself down with the safe assurance that he can rest from pursuit.

Rats Caught by Clams.

They tell big stories about the feats of Puget Sound clams, but the one told by Edward A. Chase, of the North Pacific Fish Company, is just a trifle ahead of most of them.

Saturday morning, when Mr. Chase went into his warehouse, he heard a rustling in a box of clams. On investigating he found that a rat had invaded the box, and, just as he approached, the jaws of a monster clam shut down on the rodent's tail, holding it fast. The rat squealed, but the clam held it tight. Mr. Chase, anticipating the comment of friends who would cry "clam story" when he would relate the circumstance, called witnesses, and then set about extricating the imprisoned rat. The result was the rat was released, but got away minus an inch of tail.

An hour or so later Mr. Chase returned to the warehouse to find that another daring rat had ventured into the box, and in an attempt to pull some of the clams out of the shell with his forefoot, had also been made a prisoner by the clam shutting down on the member. For several hours the firmly attached pair were exhibited, and then the rat was killed.

April Fool's Day in Africa.

The gold mine said to have the largest output of any in the world is the "Little Johnny," of Leadville, Col., owned by John E. Campion. He went to Leadville and took up the "Little Johnny" after other miners had abandoned it because they could not find a trace of carbonates. When he was a poor prospector, two years ago, he became acquainted with a school teacher, Miss Nellie May Daly. He could not marry her because he was too poor, but with an income of \$800,000 a year, which he now has, that obstacle has been removed, and they were married in Denver a few days since. He has ordered the construction of a residence there to cost \$100,000.

Missionary—Did you notice which way my colleague went?
Cannibal—He just passed down five minutes ago.

A RURAL MATADOR.

He Vanquished an Angry Bull Single Handed.

"You can find men equal to handling wild cattle without going to the Western ranges," said a Gotham sportsman. "I saw a young Pennsylvania farmer tackle an ugly bull last September and get the better of him in great shape. For downright nerve and readiness his performance beat anything that ever came under my observation. It occurred in a country district, known as the Rock Hill neighborhood, among the foothills of the Alleghenies, where I was passing a fortnight's vacation."

"I was going along the road about one morning on my way to a stream where I expected to find some good bass fishing. I passed an unusually neat looking farmhouse, and a quarter of a mile beyond met the owner driving a yoke of oxen. He was a pleasant faced, stalwart young fellow, who handled his road stool like a wand, and he gave me a cherry 'good morning' as we passed. A half minute later I heard the bellowing of an angry bull and a child's voice screaming in the pasture on the left of the road. A little girl was running toward us, and after her came a bull, a big white Durham with short thick horns, who was cutting a pace that would bring him to the child before she could get half way to the fence. A little red cape that she was wearing had excited the bull's anger."

"I started for the pasture, but the young farmer was ahead of me. Keeping hold of his good stick with one hand, he placed the other on the upper rail, vaulted over the fence as lightly as a trained gymnast, and ran like a deer for the child. He got to her just as the bull, about fifty feet behind her, lowered his head and broke into a gallop. Without stopping the farmer caught the red cape from her shoulders and leaped in toward the bull two or three paces more, then sheered to one side, shaking the cape toward the animal as he ran. The bull, with his eyes fixed on the red cloth, turned as sharply as he could to follow it, and chased the young man, who ran in a direction to lead him away from the child. For so heavy an animal, the bull handled himself with wonderful quickness, and, though he lost a little ground in turning, he soon overhauled the farmer, who, at the last moment, faced him and jumped to one side, at the same time thrusting the red cloth in front of the animal. The short, sharp horns flapped the garment upward as the bull rushed by, and the farmer, slipping behind the beast as he passed, ran for a tree a short distance away, the cape thrown back over his shoulder. The bull set out after him, and by that time I had reached the child and was getting her to the fence."

"After I had got the little girl safely over the fence I turned to see how things were going in the pasture. The farmer was playing a game of tag with the bull and the tree, and he called to me that he was all right and to stay where I was. The tree was a maple, two feet in diameter, and, do the best he could, the bull couldn't get round the tree fast enough to overtake the man or stretch his neck enough to reach him with his horns. The farmer had kept hold of the good stick all the time, and as the bull thrust his head to one side or the other of the trunk he received the sharp brad in his nose or a blow from the heavy butt on the tip of his horn, both very sensitive places in horned cattle. The bull got tired of the game first and backed away a few steps, shook his head and seemed to fall to thinking. Presently he took a mouthful of grass to help his meditations, then another and another. The farmer stood quiet and kept the red cloth out of sight. The bull kept on browsing and seemed to have got all over the idea of fighting. Presently he lifted his head, looked over at the cattle feeding at the other end of the pasture, and then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, trotted away to join them."

"The young man went out into the pasture to pick up the little girl's berry pail, and then came back to the road laughing as if a tussle with a fierce bull was the best of jokes. 'That's a fine animal,' he said. 'Did you ever see a bull so quick and shoulders on a horned critter? Took first premium at five county fairs. I got him for \$200 after he killed Squire Kempton's hired man two years ago. It was the red cape that stirred his dander; but lord! he's the most peaceable beast in the world if you don't excite him.'"